

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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SEPTEMBER 18, 1978

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David

Thursday Night Fever

Sometimes when she's standing up there on stage, amidst the glitter, wearing her red-sequined dress with the slit up to there, or her gold-laced harem pants, or even her gossamer-flecked body suit, Patty Gallant gets a little shy. Ask it, scores, hey, those who watched her pick up her third Juno last March as Canada's leading female vocalist may well have felt a twinge of fear themselves when they saw her, as she recalls it, "go mean, crazy, totally berserk. I was having the time of my life!" Instead of walking up on stage she leapt up, exposing her underpants in the process and then, squeaking and giggling, managed to coax out even singer Burton Cummings, the prince of Canadian pop who appeared on stage with her but looked as though he would have preferred to be underneath it. "All of Canada threw up," heard one disoriented show-biz wag and while that may be an exaggeration (ratings show not all of Canada was glued to the Jensen it net's to say that Gallant, bilingual chanteuse of superstar status in Quebec and darling of the disco bubble-gum set, has never shown the slightest bit of restraint. That alone will account for some of the interest when, on Thursday, September 12, she performs as the host of her own weekly show, the CTV network's big musical-variety production for this season.

There is in the entertainment industry a curiosity about the woman who has been chosen this season to do for Canadians what Julie Azarov tried but couldn't manage two seasons ago—here is on their screens as a leading television personality who brings together good music and good fun on a sappy show. In Gallant's case, you can almost hear the collective mutter: "Who does she think she is, Cher?" It's not that she looks like Cher. On the contrary, she is short (just

over five feet) and in possession of rather unremarkable features, by show-biz standards. But despite her limitations, she gamely presents herself as a dusky, glibby disco queen who gets out there and gives it all she's got. The result has been a strange relationship with her audience.

Some people, for instance, were deli-

ghted by her champagne when she appeared on *30 Minutes Live* in 1976 wearing braces (because at the age of 25 she'd decided she'd had it with back teeth) to sing her first national hit single, *From New York to L.A.*, with its somewhat optimistic lyric, "I'm a star in New York, I'm a star in L.A." The song itself was a jived-up disco version



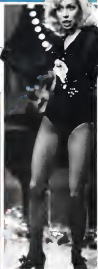
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of Quebec singer Gilles Vigneault's chunky, promiscuous northern *Mon Pape* and had nothing whatsoever (until Gallant's agent found a new artist) to go with booze and drugs in Los Angeles. Armed with a technically good pop voice, Patsy Gallant brewed to further triumph last year with another hit single, *Sugar Daddy*, and continued outpacing or rivaling showmen with her flashy performances. "Oh, audiences just love Patsy," says her Montreal business agent, Ben Kaye. "She may push the sex symbol bit but what comes out is that dress with the slit is talent."

You know what I'm getting at?" Certainly audiences feel something for her. After an abnormal late-summer concert at Hamilton Place theatre during which the only support Gallant seemed capable of generating consisted of her leaning down into the audience to ask a startled fan if his jewelry was real gold, the crowd—thin to begin with—gave her a standing ovation. As one applauding woman explained, "We feel so sorry for her. She tried so hard." If trying hard were all that counted, Patsy Gallant would surely be front row



Gallant: it she's only losing up a bit



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any number of above-the-razor success fantasies. She's been at it, reluctantly ever since, at the age of five, she was hoisted up on stage to join the rest of the singing Gallant sisters from Campbellton, New Brunswick. Now, at the age of 38, her raw energy and what television producers call her versatility—she sings, composes, plays piano, dances a bit and has a natural comely talent—has led her to what she considers a "privileged" position in Canadian show business—her very own television show. "And it's gonna be terrible!" exclaims executive producer Ed Richardson in a near-yell in the Scarborough offices of city's flagship station CTV, where Glen Warren Productions is taping *The Patsy Gallant Show*.

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de-hyped, the show turns out to be not a multi-million-dollar extravaganza making Gallant the highest-paid performer in Canadian television, as her agent would have it, but a modest, albeit fan-popped musical half-hour with a stream of imported and domestic guests (Al Green, Marc Jordan in name (two) and a series of production numbers, some trending toward last year's disco bits. You don't need to be a nupt to know that while disco will live on for a while yet, cliche of *Saturday Night Fever* productions may be a little stale by mid-season.

While the producers claim "big bucks" are being spent (at the same time refusing to say just how many bucks) it's difficult to see where. The star's three female backup singers appear in two-tops, obviously cheaply made costumes with crooked leers and stray threads while Gallant herself had to send to Montreal for her own outfits because crew had not presented her with new ones during the first week of taping. "All of this unfortunately reflects on Patsy," sighed one of her associates.

In Montreal, where she lives and records her French and English albums, Patsy Gallant is surrounded by attractive and personable men—among them Ian Robertson, her former boy-friend and current producer, and Dwayne Ford, her current boy-friend and keyboard player—who believe in her chances for success. Ford, who is making Gallant toward a softer musical release, observes acidly: "I think she should forget about bubble gum and start doing more serious music that reflects her talent rather than her pocketbook." Others on the musical scene praise her dedication and competence but lament her generosity. Ben Richard Philp, editor of *The Canadian Composer*: "If only she came on as a serious performer dedicated to her music rather than a sensation hunt."

But Gallant, a very open, very glib woman with a disarming tendency to admit to her own foibles, is convinced she is projecting the real Patsy and after 35 years of looking around in the business, maybe she's right. At the same, she has like anyone who puts herself on the line, personally and professionally, grave reservations. "Listen, I am very nervous about this. I can't blow it. It's a heavy gun to take, and I am very afraid of being seen on television once a week."

Nevertheless, she is going for it. By the end of the season she may reveal that wistful line about stardom in her first hit. "That was it really meant for me!" Or she may, as typical Patsy does, see, run right over her opposition. As she says, "I just don't take no for an answer." Judith Tison

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Winning Tribune columnist Vic Ouellet said it should be played under and left to decompose. Others were from those opposing that its creator, artist John Nugent, be played under with it. When employees at the New Green Commission building were asked their opinion, 12 admitted they loved having the huge yellow creature outside their office 300 and they couldn't stand it.

The debate had begun as soon as the 30-ton-long steel sculpture, called No. 1

Northern, after a hardy strain of what was erected two years ago. The \$58,000 work was commissioned by the public works department, and some time this summer local public works officials got tied up with the controversy. With the blessing of Public Works Minister Jack Buchanan they announced that No. 1 Northern would be cut in pieces and moved somewhere—anywhere—on August 1. Nugent, working at his studio in Lumsden, Saskatchewan, heard about the decision just in time, and so began a standoff that lasted through August.

Finally, late in the night of August 31 and against the predictions of Nugent's mayor, work officials completed the job: the object. They can decide what to do with it now. "I'm weary Nugent said. "It seems futile to say."

The public works people may diplomatically that the winning title wasn't good enough for the work. Nugent says the problem is simply that the department has never funded its commitment to landscape and illuminate the site. And the depleted staff. "I certainly don't mind public controversy. What I do mind... I distrust... is the biased opinion of people in power."

Peter Cahill-Gardner

Those Yankees probably thought we'd forgotten

First came the Indians who wanted to reclaim much of Manhattan (Southside). Now comes John Godfrey, youthful president of Canada's oldest degree-granting university, King's College in Halifax. He says King's holds title to five acres of prime downtown New York City now occupied by the giant Columbus University. It's prob-

ably worth something like \$450 million but not to seem greedy, and "in the interests of Canadian-American relations," he'll settle for a mere \$60 million.

If the request seems a little preposterous, consider the facts: King's was so-

Quoting: what's fair is fair, right?



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Unfortunately for the more pious Duthomes, if Godfrey should succeed "Da" may find itself in tarn claimed by the Americans. After all, Duthomes was established with money stolen by the British during their occupation of Canada, Maine, in the War of 1812. Oh well, the external affairs department should be able to sort that one out. ☺

Robert Plackie

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How goes the battle

The hoarsely accented voice on the telephone made it clear immediately that secrets don't always stay that way in the information-hungry diplomatic labyrinth of Addis Ababa. "My name is Mikhail Dobashkin, second secretary at the Soviet Embassy. (pause) How would you care to tell us about your visit to a part of the country we cannot recognize on the telephone?"

A journalist who is in the unusual position of having visited both sides of the Eritrean civil war is an attractive commodity in the Ethiopian capital—certainly of interest to the local authorities (changing out with the guerrillas of Eritrea could be defined as consorting with the enemy), but also to the ever-growing diplomatic community always in search of news from the front. Out of a sense of courtesy, the journalist quietly invited the Canadian and British ambassadors on his recent sojourn with the guerrillas, and assumed the information would go no further. The Soviet official's call was the first surprise; it was soon followed by approaches from the West German, Indian, Dutch and Swedish, all wanting—badly—to know how things were going with the Eritreans.

Guerrilla forces in the strategic northeast province of Eritrea, enhancing Ethiopia's access to the Red Sea, have been fighting some 17 years for independence. In the paradoxical way of

The new city of Addis Ababa and, in the foreground, the old city. Remember that life is very cheap, etc.



Eritrean guerrillas (above and right) in Keren before government troops took it back; the world is watching — slowly

international intrigue, they spent many years under the aegis of the Soviets, only to find themselves, after the death of Emperor Haile Selassie in 1974, facing a revolutionary military regime finally supported by the U.S.S.R. Nevertheless, even as recently as mid-July the two main Eritrean liberation movements held about 80 per cent of the land they call their own. Now all that has changed. In the past two months, half a dozen Eritrean towns have been recaptured from the guerrillas (including Keren, Eritrea's second city and the rebels' prize) and the vitally important road from the provincial capital of Asmara in the port of Massawa has been reopened to Ethiopian convoys. The guerrillas are suddenly in retreat.

While the battle rages on, the contest between East and West is being played out in the altogether more settled atmosphere of the Addis Ababa cocktail circuit. "Addis Ababa would normally be a step down for me," allows the earnest young West German envoy, "but not in the current political climate. What happens here in the next 18 months will largely determine the foothold which the Soviets will gain in all of Africa." The lesson extends even to the small, grand auction, says the British



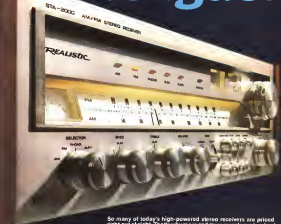
first secretary, T. G. Sansonardi. "It is of the utmost importance to us to know which of the superpowers holds the upper hand here. Today it is the Horn of Africa, tomorrow it is the south of Africa and the next day it could be any country."

Yet Kipling too, No. 2 even at the Soviet embassy, doesn't quite see things that way. "Ethiopia is an open country where both East and West should co-operate to produce a new society," he enthuses. Or, in a grander phrase underscoring the new diplomatic interest in Addis Ababa, "Ethiopia is the cockpit of change."

George Somerville



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Eat your heart out, Spiro Agnew



As the United States gears up for the 1980 presidential election, life's the major factor in White House dreams these days, chances seem increasingly good that for the first time in history there will be a woman on a national ticket. She is a former Southern belle named Anne Armstrong—an Anna Oakley figure who trails down deep in the heart of Texas.

Fifty years old and as tough and colorful as she is charming, Armstrong is likely to be the Republican nominee for vice-president. When Gerald Ford was president he named her ambassador to

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Britain, where she proved the most popular American envoy in a decade, the most spirited in memory. She carried yellow roses of Texas in a pony when she presented her credentials to Queen Elizabeth. At one formal London ball, she wore cowboy boots under her evening gown.

Now, though no one is quite sure just where the Republican nomination for president will go (Ford, Ronald Reagan and John Connally are front-runners), Armstrong seems to be everyone's favorite for No. 2.

Anne Armstrong lives with her husband, Tobin—a six-foot-four cattle rancher who looks like the original Marlboro Man—as a huge ranch just north of the Rio Grande. They have five children: handsome and urbane, articulate and direct, Mrs. Armstrong is a larger-than-life lady, young confidante. The daughter of a socially prominent New Orleans family, she was known as one of the prettiest, most vivacious debutantes in the Mardi Gras balls. A belle with brains, she was Phi Beta



Armstrong of former Annie got your gun.

Kappa at Vassar. The Armstrongs are millionaires and she dresses to the teeth. A Texas newspaper, running pictures of her in designer clothes at an oilman's estate, described her as "£7,000 on the hoof."

Armstrong first came to national attention as a Republican delegate to the 1964 and 1968 party conventions. In 1971 she became national Republican

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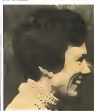


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co-chairman and a spokesman for the party. As Watergate broke, Richard Nixon brought her into the White House as a cabinet member at large. She toured the country defending him and his policies. Looking back on those days, Armstrong now says, "I must have sounded like the social director of the Titanic."



Armstrong alone: Not in a velvet glove

A conservative whose views on such delicate issues as abortion and the Equal Rights Amendment have not yet been made clear, Armstrong has made a mark in the past for campaigning against inflation and for keeping down the cost of living. But her main pulling card as a vice-presidential candidate would simply be her sex and personality. Since Ford's defeat in the '76 election, she has spent most of her time on the ranch. But increasingly now she is touring the country, lecturing to Republican groups, speaking at universities and holding background political sessions with journalists.

Her sex as a political drawback? It would be hard for even John Wayne to lead any kind of male chauvinistic backlash—Mrs. Armstrong can ride a horse, shoot a gun and hold her liquor with the best of them.

William Lowther

Turning a deaf ear

WHEN even great, mild-mannered Al Bob Kerr, dulcet-voiced Vancouver host of one radio's *Off the Record*, is moved to call it an affront to common decency, well there may be something wrong. "Is there so sad so

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Letters

When the law is an ass

I very much resist being labelled among the red-necks by John D. Blackburn in his column on the Quebec language law, *Do Not Ask, Westminster: For Whom the Bell Tolls* (August 7). Mr Blackburn, who surely knows better, made it appear as if I was opposed to a bilingual policy in Canada and in Quebec. Quite the opposite is true. What I am opposed to are these aspects of the Quebec language bill which I consider authoritarian—those sections which make it illegal for anybody to put up a bilingual sign and which entrench a policy of assimilation to a farcical degree. I was specifically referring, of course, to the resistance of the Quebec government that all signs in businesses selling English goods to English-speaking people be in one language and one language only—French. Since my protest, the government has apparently retreated to a considerable extent. I would have no objection at all to bilingual signs in all businesses in Canada. Anybody who runs about civil liberties in this country must be concerned about Bill 101. There is no jurisdiction that I know of in the world—not the Soviet Union or China or Cuba or anywhere else—which makes it a crime to erect billboards, street signs, point-of-sale literature or even menus in any language but the majority language of the country.

DAVID ANDERSON, TORONTO



abhorrent trend that women everywhere have long been fighting to extinguish. This new display of sexual exploitation is both an embarrassment and an insult.

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A woman of added parts

What a delight to have read a portrait of Valrie Brundage, *The Rehearsal Show* (June 13). Not only is she a captivating humanist but few people know that she is an excellent actress.

PATRICIA, OTTAWA

Unfascinating womanhood

How sad that such famous women whom Harold Bellard so accurately describes as "visions," in the article on cheerleading, *Smother For Glory* (August 21), have emerged to enlighten us.

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MARY JANE AND LARRY TAYLOR,
BARRE, VTA

Flight into danger

Perhaps Arnold's article about the press, *Further Proof That Bureaucrats Are For the Birds* (August 7), saddened me, but came as no surprise. People working

for animal protection have long been aware that Canada is bordering on being a police state. Oh, Canada, I stand on guard, not for thee, but for thy diminishing animal population.

VIVIAN FLETCHER, MONTREAL

You are what you eat

Your little joke entitled *The Gory That Was Grease* (Previous, August 7) about the reconstructed french-fry finally convinces me that there is indeed a vast gap between myths people and scientists or anthropologists. We believe

the product has strong market potential, both local and overseas. It is not a business potato *pot* which appeals only to those who do not have the real stuff. It is intended to be a different product with its own appeal for convenience and taste.

R. DORRILL, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR,
DEPARTMENT OF FOOD-SCIENCE,
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, EDMONTON

Looking back with pride

In Suzanne Swartz's article, *A Land That Time Didn't Quite Forget* (August 7), she speaks of the Kwakwaka'wakw. The word "Kwakwaka'wakw" however, is a misnomer which resulted from the fact that early anthropologists were not able to pronounce the proper name, Kwakwaka'wakw. I am a full-blooded Kwakwaka'wakw Indian and I consider it an insult when "Kwakwaka'wakw" is used to describe my people. The article also refers to "... a time when they actually hunted heads and published names." Even in these so-called modern times, my people publish names. However, we have never hunted heads in our entire history. The allegation that the Kwakwaka'wakw Indians were head hunters was made by the missionaries to justify the passage of the Potlatch laws that outlawed the most integral part of our culture. The notion of head hunting and cannibalism was simply one that was part of the fantasies of the Kwakwaka'wakw Potlatch ceremonies.

BILL NELSON, PRESIDENT
ENTREPRENEUR NATIONS, VANCOUVER

Top of the Pops

Thank you for your interesting, if somewhat insensitive, portrayal of Arthur Fiedler in *An Old Age Lacking Neither Honor Nor the Love* (August 7). As a member of the Boston Pops Orchestra under Fiedler I came to know and understand him as well as any musician who has ever played for him. I fear your writer was off-base in describing what most music critics think of the conductor. Far from disdain, he more often inspires admiration and respect, as he does in most of the musicians with whom he comes into contact. Furthermore, as any ancestral musician will attest, very few conductors can retain the love and admiration of an orchestra for more than three or four years, let alone 40. Fiedler has done more for the symphony orchestra in North America than all the rest of the conductors combined—he brought it to the people.

ROGER BRADMAN, PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
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the men's store

Irking on the railroad

I feel your article, *Back on the Tracks* (August 7), was a promise for Canada's new passenger railway system, via. I am, or should say, was, a devoted train passenger. I do not own an automobile and everywhere I have travelled in the past has been by rail. I could not count the number of times it has been my only companion on my travels. But this passion for the old train, their security, efficiency and wonderful memories has ended for me. Never have I been so disillusioned. This tragic occurrence took place on board a Via train. I was travelling back to Halifax from New Glasgow when I reluctantly boarded the three-car Via train, which was 30 minutes late. The train picked up speed quickly. As it did the stainless steel car started to rattle and shake to the point of ear-shattering intensity. When I decided to have lunch I made my way through the violently swaying cars, only to be told there was nothing left to eat (no dining car either). I took a coffee to steady my ruffled composure. There was no place to sit, so I stood once I reached my seat. Every time the train rattled, I was burnt by scalding hot coffee. After finishing my coffee, I proceeded to the washrooms to try to freshen up. Entering the washroom was a task in itself. The compartment was half the size of a brown closet and the mirror was atrocious. At this point I was so uncomfortable I knew I had to talk to someone. They wanted to give me my money back for the ticket purchased in New Glasgow. I did not want their money, nor their travelling suitcase case. A way of life had ended for me.

PI PATE-BELLERIVE, HALIFAX

Double indemnity

In your article, *Twist Little Beloved* (August 21), you identify a Peter White of *The London Free Press* as having, at one time, had something to do with Westmount in Quebec. You are understandably in error. There are two Peter Whites in London. He is Peter Gensick, I am Peter George. We are approximately the same age, height, and build. We both wear glasses. Some friends have told me that we even look a bit alike. He is the publisher of the *London News*. I am president of the *London Free Press*. Our wives have the same initials. At one time we lived on the same street, he was renting my sister-in-law's house. He received our deliveries and mail, I got his bills. But there really are two of us, in spite of the con-

fusion which from time to time runs rampant, even as far away as Vancouver.

PETER GEORGE WHITE
PUBLISHER AND GENERAL MANAGER
THE LONDON FREE PRESS,
LONDON

we say, look at the sign signs before it changes—It's GEORGE & PETER
J. M. HODGSON, THIRTON

Honorable mention

To be quite honest, I agreed with Lawrence O'Toole's review of *Rescue Car West: How Comes Mr. Beatty* (July 28). But I want to suggest that O'Toole should also concern himself with the credits for *howhere* was Paul Brodeur's *See separate playing mentioned* Migu, and a *Cashier* of *lost*.

BOB & TAYLOR, KITCHENER

Streetwise

In your article on Westmount, one of the cabbies reads, "the Old Englishness of Grosvenor Street will undergo a change as French signs come in." To these of us who grew up on this street,

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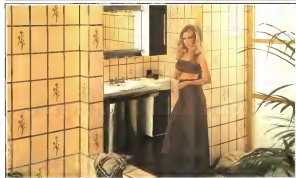


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A horseman of a different color

The picture of Sandy Hawley taken this year for the fourth time shows him pointing to the winning colt he's astride—Regal Embury. The picture is typical. One of the top half-dozen jockeys in the world (his lifetime earnings approaching \$20 million), Hawley thanks the horse for winning. He also thanks people for asking for his autograph, and his agent Colin Wick with each of his success and shrugs off his more than 3,000 winners at the age of 28. He is modest, confident, quiet-spoken—the archetypal Canadian here.

All of which makes you wonder—if he's as great what's he been doing hanging around an Ontario track this summer when he should be making a bundle on the big races south of the border? For instance, he might have been at Saratoga in northern New York, riding for the jockey's 10 per cent of the winner's purse in such races as the \$304,800 Travers Stakes. Instead, he's been climbing aboard some pretty unimpressive



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Our Ms Hill didn't want to just carry Giorgio Armani.

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It seems that Armani's collection was impossible to edit. "I wanted everything," says Ms. Hill, "and I had no room for it. Now I can carry the works." Giorgio's designs are casual, comfortable and contemporary. The perfect look for women who have "casual chic."

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secrett

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horse—mind you, winning with an average of 30 per cent of the time as Fort Erie, where weekly attendance seldom exceeds 7,000. Is it patriotism? A longing to be nearer his roots in Whitch? "Well, it's mostly taxes," the reluctant national hero allows. His years of dealing with two racist collectors have taught him to play the odds. "I got to keep a little more if I stay in Canada," he says, so his smaller paycheck in Fort Erie goes farther. While the weather lasts "I'll probably go to California through the winter months, but I'll always return." Meanwhile, Hawley's getting back into his stables now that it's and, if Regal Embrace is in shape, will be a strong contender in the Breeders Stakes at Woodbine, third leg of the Canadian Triple Crown, on September 30.

Hawley doesn't really mind having a tax excuse to ride in Ontario. He says that although racetrack people are pretty much the same wherever you go (late, and interesting), "I like riding in Canada. There are a lot of nice people." That's important to Hawley who is a... well, not himself. His exclaiming and curving manner is strangely out of place in the colorful and often trash world of thoroughbred racing. After all these years of hanging around tracks, he's grown used to being treated by long pointers but admits he's still upset by some of those words they use. "It only bothers me if they use foul language. There's no need for that, especially if there's ladies present."

Pressed to say what it really takes to make a great jockey, Hawley, after the customary tip of his cap to agents, trainers and lucky breaks, does admit that timing—having a clock in your head—as well as the will to win, are important. The best horse he's ever ridden? Nelson Bunker Hunt's Youth, on which he won the prestigious Washington D.C. International and the Canadian Interna-

tional Championship in 1976. The one he would most like to have ridden? Romanticist. His ambition? The Kentucky Derby, maybe even the Triple Crown (the Derby, plus the Preakness and the Belmont). Top jockeys Brian's Lester Pappert and Willy Carson, in the U.S., Cedex, Pincay, Shermansky, Gauthier, in Canada, a lot of good riders who could go anywhere in North America and do well if they just had a fair chance.

Why are jockeys such notoriously poor tipsters? Says Hawley, who never bets

"They're terrible, yes. They just know the horse but they're riding, they don't know about the others." But, he suggests, it's tough for anyone to beat the races. Hawley does it in his own way, day after day, with brilliant horsestability. This five-foot-two, 165-pound holder of the Order of Canada is a genuine, larger-than-life Canadian sports hero. A gentleman, a nice guy. "Thanks for the interview," Hawley says, heading off to ride the first of three winners that afternoon.

David Woods

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One small step for victim-kind

A strike-weary Canadiana carved unions and managements in general (with special incursions for Air Canada and some brewers this summer), a terribly ineffective reform nose over the Province. Wouldn't it be marvelous, Maclean's Minister without Portfolio Warner Jorgensen mused out loud, if a law could be devised to allow innocent third parties in a strike to sue either union or management for dam-

ages? As a for instance, he pointed to the \$25 million that a West Coast dock strike cost Prince Farmers in shipping delays.

"I made the same suggestion two or three years ago when I was a member of the Opposition but it fell on deaf ears then," the Tory cabinet minister says. "Perhaps the time is more opportune today—my phone has been ringing with congratulations since I made the remark." One earlier, a confirmed never, pensioned Jorgensen said she'd vote Conservative if his suggestion became part of the national platform. Joe Clark, are you listening?



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Let's see now . . . helmet, gloves, life preserver

During a November election, Mayor Jean Drapeau has come up with another scheme to promote Montreal. Ontario's Mayor was judged unsafe for Formula 1 sports racing, so Drapeau and sponsor Labatt Breweries proposed a site close to the mayor's heart, abandoned Expo Ile-Notre-Dame. The asphalt has



Viewers: If nothing else, the sentimental favorite

been laid on a 2.8-mile track tracing the island's perimeter. CTV has signed to broadcast the event live, and scuba divers have promised to tread water in the St. Lawrence in case any cars leave the track. All that's needed now is good weather for the Thanksgiving weekend so that Grand Prix points leader Mario Andretti, Quebecer Gilles Villeneuve and friends can scream around the track at predicted speeds of 115 mph. A test run of the course, necessary for international racing federation sanctioning, will be provided by the Lehigh Formula Atlantic Championship finale later this month.

News

Cover Story

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A stop, small and faltering but in the right direction

Maybe Jimmy Carter called his Middle East Summit at Camp David to showcase his own diminishing prestige in a congressional election year, or maybe the reports he was gathering—that Egypt was gearing for war and that Israel and Syria were poised to go at it again in Lebanon—were accurate in any case, as Maclean's went to press and the discussions between Carter, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat and Israeli Prime Minister Begin appeared certain to enter their second week (in an almost totally effective news blackout), it appeared that both sides had moved toward a less-than-ideal Middle East issue. But the matter was still closer to Square One than solution.



Toe to toe at Camp David

Making hay while the sun doesn't shine

Who would look motel and hotel rooms and charter planes to Brandon, Manitoba, for a two-minute and 47-second light show on Feb. 26, 1979? Well, thousands are getting ready to be there for the world's best view of the last total solar eclipse in North America until the year 2107. If the weather is good that day, Brandon will have its moment out of the sun.

Well, if Grease could make it, why not Oil?

A multinational corporation and the federal government were playing with the best way to develop the tar sands, Theatre Network, a group of University of Alberta drama grads, was busy writing a play about it. *Hard Hats and Shaven Heads—a Tar Sands Myth, a light-sensuous, sometimes musical look at boomtown life in Fort McMurray, opened in its dramatic setting last summer, and, after touring Alberta for a year, returned to home base in time for the opening ceremonies of Syncrude. The play opens at the National Arts Centre in Ottawa, September 25, tears the Maritimes for a month before heading for a three-week run off-Broadway at, where else, The Performing Garage.*



Canadian News

Fast and looting in Parliament Hill The new light-blue-shirted clerks, Oliver Lynn, says of the right John Munro's "wrong" number, the plight of a forgotten casualty, a new order in the Senate.

World news The days of Camp David: The British election that never sells, an interview with an Iranian religious leader who's not known on the South West Coast.

People George Lenoir: John Lynch and Michael Douglas have taken on her own John Dineen on a bus. **Business** Accusing Alberta for the low profit in the world (shouting) one of the few bright spots in the gloomy textile industry.

Sports Night of the Canadian quarterhorses, helmsmen that sit in the Canadian Football League.

Fear and loathing on Parliament Hill

By Robert Lewis

Official meteorologists in the prime minister's office could not decide on the long-range forecast after Pierre Trudeau's sardonic decision not to call an election for Nov. 6. But they were not optimistic. As the last summer stragglers toured Parliament Hill, the chill descended on the nation, certainly looked like menacing clouds—and the weathermen knew their boss had buckled down in a corner against a gathering fall storm.

True, last week's Gallup poll showed the Liberals still on the march, this time to a 10-point lead (46 to 36) over the Conservatives, and the government's economic offensive continued. But results of the party's private polls by pollster Martin Goldfarb made the Liberals uneasy: they struggled in Quebec and strength in the Atlantic were offset by Conservative leads across the West, particularly in British Columbia. In crucial Metropolitan Toronto (28 seats) the Grits trailed the Tories by a margin sufficient to wipe out at least a dozen Liberals. What it all meant, according to a top party strategist, at best, a Trudeau minority, probably a defeat.

Beyond the raw numbers, what most troubled Liberal back-scratchers was the personal antagonism aroused by their process itself. Pierre Elliott Trudeau, Propaganda Ministry economic announcements made the headlines, but it was Question 12 on Goldfarb's latest survey that focused the real issue. "Today many people seem to be down on Pierre Trudeau and think negatively of him. Why do you think this would be so?"

The answers poured forth privately, even before the poll results were tabulated, from Liberal professionals returning to Ottawa from a summer sojourn on the loaf. They report that the malaise has to do with simmering perceptions, crystallizing now after 10 years of Trudeau, that he is just plain delivered, that he is personally insensitive to the lot of lesser mortals struggling with mortgage payments and dwindling bank balances. Some of it, to be sure, flows from the classic Canadian envy of

stardom. There is, as well, a shifting anti-French bias in parts of English Canada which is aimed at Trudeau personally—although it is often thinly disguised in passionate advocacy of the monarchy. But it is, the visceral mood is not one that can be eradicated by flaky pronouncements and media hype.

Rather than risk the voters' collective wrath, then, Trudeau decided on a selective retreating. He drove down from his Blenheim Lake summer retreat and issued a sparse press release, late on a Friday afternoon, the customary time for downbeat announcements. The statement joylessly announced what is in effect a semi-federal election, setting October 16 for 13 by-elections from sea to sea. Even so, the Liberals moved to shorten the odds in July 12 of those races by using Senate, judicial and government appointments to put the best possible candidates in place.

In the meantime, if it is not enough earlier, Trudeau plans to meet Parliament Oct. 16. That session is bound to be fractious, although the government hopes to push through as much economic legislation as possible in an attempt to prove to voters that its restraint policies are tablets of stone. By late fall, too, the howls of pain will still be coming off the walls in government departments.



where program and personnel currently are being slashed. It is the Liberal hope that all of this, with Joe Clark thrust back on Commonsense TV screens wagging a bony finger, will tarnish the sleek Clark acquired the summer on his tightly controlled media pilgrimage throughout the country.

Clark's strategists, who have done little but grow up for a general election fight down to tapering Clark's hard-hitting TV ads, were enraged when Trudeau denied them their chance to take to the battlements. Now the Tories must regroup under campaign manager Lowell Murray and work out a new program for a parliamentary sitting. Already two tactical lines have diverged: Clark will attempt to appear less shrill and negative in the televised House and the party will try to avoid the appearance of obstructing economic legislation, all the while underlining it.

In the Liberal camp there are no illusions about Trudeau's criticisms in his denials by calling an election next summer approaches. Since last fall his advisers have geared up repeated gaffe plans to counter party fortunes, with few successes. If the by-elections go near the Liberals and the economy worsens, even Trudeau's ebullientism is back to back.

Days will be numbered. "If we go past Christmas with no clear indication of where we are going," notes Ontario Liberal party vice-president Loren Macdonald, "then the leadership talk will start."

No formal mechanisms exist for a voter leadership challenge and Trudeau maintains short of a cabinet.



Guidelines: what you see isn't what you get

net consensus that he should step down, that he will "sit" the threat of any challenger. The fact is, the prime minister hardly needs to lift a finger to do the walking. "John Turner," says a Trudeau party official, "has it in the bag now if Trudeau retires." In fact, Turner appears to be carefully fanning the embers still aglow for him in Liberal party circles. Earlier this summer, Mulroney has learned, Turner flew to Quebec City for lunch with his old pal Raymond Garsneau, the former Liberal finance minister in Quebec who was defeated by Claude Ryan in the leadership race. Turner, Garsneau associates say, urged the Quebecer not to respond to Ottawa offers of a federal nomination on the Trudeau team. Inflight in the three-day visit was that Garsneau could be Turner's right hand in government and, in turn, that Garsneau would share up Turner's base in Quebec.

Turner's anguished was reminiscent of the advice he pressed upon Jack Horner last year when the Alberta was debating whether to join the Trudeau cabinet. Turner told Horner he would be chewed up and thrown out like "an orange peel." Garsneau agreed with Turner and Trudeau, but decided independently of Turner's pitch to stay in Quebec.

Turner repeatedly denies he's still dubbing in politics, and his friends were busy last week painting out that Turner spent August on family holidays at Lake of the Woods, Manitoba, and on an Arctic canoe trip. Despite that, con-

fidential memoranda surfaced last week that portrayed Turner as a bitter critic of the Trudeau government. Under Turner's name and that of his law partner, William Macdonald, the expensive (several thousand dollars a year) dogsheet for top corporate clients throbbed with scathing comments about federal cabinet ministers, some of them mutual Turner allies. Jean Chrétien, for example, was dismissed for his "jawing credibility gap." Later in the week Turner sent Chrétien a personal note of apology. Intriguingly, although Trudeau was not mentioned, the documents—written in their rather laud analysis of political trends—also disparaged the "political interregnum" on the Ottawa.

The embarrassing leaks, fed by anti-Turner people, will do little to boost Turner's stock in the Liberal party. Only a few months ago when the Ontario campaign manager, Senator Elyse Frith, invited Turner to run as part of the Trudeau team in the next election, Turner tartly rebuffed the approach, declaring that there was only one limitation he would take seriously—Pierre Trudeau's—and Turner (asked) that the call would never come. It is even more unlikely now.

Indeed, at senior levels of the Liberal party there is what amounts to a step-Turner drive. Campaign co-chairman Senator Keith Dwyer, who would be in the outs if Turner were to go in, has made a point of recruiting several high-profile candidates in Ontario ridings, the better to clutter any leadership convention. Turner meets often. When John Evans' campaign against David Crombie in Toronto went flat, for example,

Act in haste, repent at leisure

Some politicians have an ear for disast—there's a few but they'll carry the tune. The mood of crisis surrounds them like jungle mouth—they have only to speak, and they court

and Moore readily agreed. But in the five days before sentencing, he failed to do what politicians normally do in such circumstances: submit a letter of reference to defence counsel for presentation to the court. The case, Moore eventually explained, had simply slipped his mind. It miraculously regained the footing during a tour of Edmonton's CN rail yards—and only minutes before sentencing was scheduled to be passed. Metro reached Judge Mack during a court break, offered his ser-



Moore at his resignation (top) and Kerr (above) uh-uh, don't touch that dial

vicebook. Baffled by tactics, they stagger from conflict to confrontation, their political careers twisting in whatever ill wind blows to hand.

Few in recent memory, however, have twisted more than Labor Minister John Cusumano. Baffled, he dangles no longer. Metro, if, swung last week, a victim (as always) of self-inflicted wounds in clear contravention of Pierre Trudeau's cabinet guidelines. Metro telephoned Hamilton Provincial Court Judge Albert Mack on August 28 to provide a pre-sentencing character reference for John Butty, a constituent of Moore's Hamilton east riding. Butty, a millhouse landlord who "may or may not have contributed" to Metro's election campaign (the minister claims ignorance), was nevertheless convicted of assaulting one of his tenants with a hammer.

Moore had been approached August 13, by a still-undecided member of Hamilton's Hungarian community, to provide a commendation for Butty—

dormant of Butty, and expressed the hope that his opinion would be taken into consideration. As an act of political anxiety, a longtime friend of Metro's told *Metronews*, "it was just dumb, dumb dumb."

Not clever, certainly—especially not after the so-called judges' affair of 1976, when Moore LaLoche and their public works minister Bob Drury took it upon themselves to discuss pending court cases with judges in Quebec. ("Boy," said Richard Hildes, the Montreal lawyer who broke the story of Drury's exposure, "those guys haven't learned very much, have they?") It was the Drury call—made on behalf of colleague André Gauthier, then facing a contempt of court citation—that prompted Trudeau's behavior: prisoner for cabinet ministers' (who shall not tamper with the judiciary, except through the minister of justice or his representatives).

"The guidelines are clear," Moore himself, a lawyer and "They left me no alternative but to offer my resignation—and the prime minister no alternative but to accept it."

It was the first resignation Moore has offered. Sixteen years in Parliament have honed his instinct for crisis. Throughout, he has been Ottawa's answer to baseball's Bill Martin—by turns combative and tearfully polite.

His face was a paradigm of anguish, from the chronically damp brow to the tense, globular eyes. And his nose was often asked: looking to his right in Hamilton harbor (looking eastwards to a 1984 campaign contribution from the Southern International Union, then under investigation by the RCMP, and most recently to a \$7.2 million CMHC mortgage loan for the developers of Hamilton's York Place).

No changes were ever told against him. But the reaction of scandal was such that just last month Moore buried his face in his hands—his habitual pose—and confided to friends that perhaps he would not attempt an eighth election campaign. If he does leave politics, he will add nothing to Liberal chances in southwestern Ontario, where the party is already critically vulnerable.

Not coincidentally, the Moore affair came soon days after Ontario Solicitor General George Kerr's similar impasse with the courts. Also on behalf of a constituent, Kerr had called Milton Cwyns Attorney David Price—intentionally to inquire whether a jail sentence was mandatory upon conviction. But just when the fever over that fact had approached its zenith, Kerr jumped into Judge Albert Mack at a Hamilton breakfast and discovered Moore's endorsement. The two politicians have never been precisely warm friends, and scarcely 48 hours later Moore was gone.

But Metro—small consolation—had the best laugh. His cock and grievous end underscored the inadequacy of Kerr's original "apology," and of Premier William Davis' mild reprimand, and by week's end the Tories had accepted Kerr's resignation—fresh evidence (as it needed) to try to influence the course of justice in conduct unbecoming for politicians of any sect.

Michael Power

Ontario

A shadow out of time

On September day in 1968, Bill Maynard and his young bride Evelyn took a fateful walk through the wooded trails of Quebec's Giffkins Hills, chatting amiably about their future. Maynard, then 23, was a handsome young graduate of Queen's University with a master's degree in chemistry and a solid academic record—his last report showed for A+ and three B's. Next day Maynard departed alone for a "post establishment" in Valcartier, Quebec, a weapons and ammunition testing station, to work on a top-secret



Maynard and wife Evelyn among the fallen

war mission for the Canadian government. There, less than three weeks later, an accident destroyed the Maynards' dreams. Now, after 23 years, Maynard is still confined to a wheelchair. His limbs are twisted, he is partially blind and he can barely speak. Adding injustice to injury, Maynard has never received any federal pension for his wartime injuries. Ontario now Earl McElwain calls him "the man government forgot."

An explosion apparently occurred while Maynard was testing missile propellants in the ballistics laboratory. With no obvious signs of injury, Maynard wrote his mother a letter a few days later telling her not to worry about him. The letter was never mailed, since shortly afterward Maynard fell into a coma. His skin started peeling, then he lost his sight. Doctors examining him at the Montreal Neurological Institute diagnosed the mysterious illness as some kind of chemical or metal poisoning. The exact cause was never traced. When Maynard was well enough to be applied to the Quebec Workmen's Compensation Board for assistance to cover his disabilities. He remembers a day-long treacherous journey to Montreal for an examination, only to be told the date had to be changed. After Maynard was examined, assistance was denied partly because the sickness couldn't be labelled, but also because Maynard lost all memory of the explosion after losing

consciousness—and even if he could have remembered, the secrecy of his mission meant his intruder could be disclosed.

In a few weeks, Maynard expects to travel once again to Montreal, this time by ambulance, to be re-examined by Quebec's compensation board. This time he'll be helped by powerful allies. Last month Prime Minister Trudeau wrote Maynard a letter informing him that both the National Research Council, where Maynard was then employed, and the federal labor department were investigating his case. Trudeau's offer to help came after McElwain, Maynard's provincial rep, lobbied the federal government on Maynard's behalf.

Even now, however, Maynard's hopes for a pension seem dimmed. New evidence must first come forth, and unfortunately Maynard's words among the sick's personal files are sketchy, and many of his old colleagues have only the

vaguest memories of the accident as many years ago. One man, Leslie Barrie, does recall Maynard, and says, "Time has worn my memory thin with regard to exact details, but I remain convinced that he was crippled in defense of Canada."

Many years of crass health care followed by Bill Maynard, his wife and two children, over the years living in the rural town of Stouffville, Ontario, they've counted primarily on the meagre profits of a grocery and restaurant built into the front rooms of their wood-frame home. These days, Maynard spends his days listening, and sometimes chattering, over tapes of assorted fiction sent out by the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. Evelyn, for his wife, says he has always retained his sense of humor. "If you can't laugh," Bill Maynard says with a grin, "you might as well be dead."

Jillanne LaBrosse

Toronto

The bad news bear

Before he gave up investigation for disavowal, the *Mac* National's announcer Peter Kent earned a reputation for bravery as well as an avowed fear for his colleagues' coverage of the war in Cambodia. Last week he revealed a fatal daring—a rather close shave. Publicly unknown to his own vulnerability in the corporation, Kent revealed the long-suspected vulnerability of the *Mac* to press from the Prime Minister's Office to provide live coverage of

some of Pierre Trudeau's performances.

Approaching the end of his two-year contract with the National's and about to set off for Nairobi to open the *Mac*'s first African bureau, Kent decided to submit a brief to the Canadian Media, Television and Telecommunications Commission when the *Mac*'s licence comes up for renewal next month. While the greater part of his brief focused on the commercial use of *Mac*—Kent's first job in the *Mac*—he included in which he said intervention by the *Mac* resulted in either special or broadened national coverage of the prime minister (charges *Mac* President Al Johnson happily denied). The most recent example was Trudeau's hours before-the-dawn denial of live coverage of his economic program last August.

While Kent stressed he did not believe the actual coverage of these events had been compromised, he demanded a formal procedure be set up to eliminate "these casual, friendly calls" from the two (both Jim Coates, Trudeau's principal secretary, and his special adviser Richard O'Riagan have admitted to calling the *Mac*) so that the *Mac* could remain above suspicion. Kent added that he hoped no one would think there was any bitterness "between me and the corporation that paid me so handsomely." For \$65,000 a year, the *Mac* brass could have been forgiven for wailing that he restrict his public or political to consider what his editors put in front of him. Judith Timmins





Theatre of the absurd

By Roy MacGregor

"The National Film Board is a blessed, blessed whole of an institution. I don't know what you can do except watch it burning in its death throes. I grieve, and hope it won't last too long."—Peter Pearson, film director

Several thousand years ago another Jewish couple up a man named Josiah, and Josiah ended up sitting in the dark as the edge of a city, puzzling over where he had succeeded and where he had failed in his mission to spread the good word. According to available reports, Josiah was in the process of learning a valuable lesson: do as you are first commanded.

André Lamy, hair thick and gray as rain clouds, who is the commissioner's office in the huge National Film Board labyrinth on the edge of Montreal, He knows that the NFB's commandment—"to interpret Canada to Canadians and other nations"—is not a simple order. It is not, he says, "any place to run." For one thing, his \$40-million budget has just been cut by a punishing

A scene from McLaren's *The Man from Nowhere*: when they do it right, they do it right

and then showed it despite reviews that called it one of those things, "a Canadian masterpiece." Had the film board thought to promote *One Man from Nowhere*—as it did with *Why Stop at the Bar?* (about \$180,000) or with the *Daybreakers* film (\$200,000)—the story might have another ending: that it did not promote *One Man from Nowhere* will be able to do so this year, and for a very good reason: the National Film Board has run out of money.

What happened is not precisely clear. A number of those interviewed by McLaren's said it was all an embarrassing mistake, that the government agency had expected a surplus of money at the end of the last fiscal year—which in government circles is like getting caught with your pants down and failing to show for it—and so decided to spend quickly, only to discover the expected surplus was really a deficit in drag. Recovery money was needed from the current budget and it came out of the board's second victim: creativity. Until next April 1, only projects that are already approved and budgeted for will continue. "It's on paper that there's no money left," Lamy admits. It has happened before, though never so early. "What happens is everybody without something to do goes home and waits for next year," says much-acclaimed filmmaker Donald Britton, who left the board in 1983 after 14 years. Britton says he once spent 18 months on staff doing nothing but reading books, and decided to leave because it was becoming obvious to him he was "rapidly becoming a skeleton and servant."

Since leaving, he has received eight Emmys, an Oscar nomination and an Emmy. The irony of the situation is that next year marks the 50th anniversary of the film board and it was to have been—before the budget screw-up and the government cuts—a year of great celebration. New André Lamy shrugs. "The most important thing to celebrate is that the film board is still here. We're very lucky, you know, that a government will tolerate such an institution as the NFB."

Lamy says Canadians are lucky and in many ways they are. Without the NFB there might not be the brilliant animation of *Caroline and Norman McLaren*, the motion films of Bill McLean, feature work by Claude Jutra, or picture books such as *Between Friends/Entre Amis*. The film board, for all its troubles at home, may well be the most positive image Canada possesses abroad. "In the past year the NFB took part in 53 festivals and won 302 awards," Lamy said a parliamentary



Lamy caught in a world he never made

committee last April. "This is a record of which all Canadians are proud."

Some are less proud of other not records. The more than \$1 million, for example, the board spent on a mounted disaster called *Reaching Time*, which stars the much acclaimed Jackie Burroughs. When it was previewed—approximately on a Friday the 13th—those who didn't walk out, board, even the commissioner calls the film "a mistake." There's the long-lost-world movie *Cold Journey* which is known around the NFB as *Cold Turkey*. And there is also *Cop of the Wild*, the most successful National Film Board film of all time—which they turned down. Bill Mason made it for the board in his spare time, billing the NFB only for editing costs (a couple of thousand dollars) but "couldn't get anybody interested in it as a full-length feature. They said no way." Frustrated, Mason took the film to Ralph Ellis of K&G Production in Toronto who was convinced by it. So too, apparently, were a great many others, since Ellis eventually sold the rights to American National Enterprise in the US and the movie went on to gross some \$4 million.

Of all the anger stirred by the film board, none is equal to that voiced by independent film makers in the private sector. They argue that since the NFB distributes its films at a loss—so mere Canadians can see them, the board says—the effect is to undercut and smother the independents. André Lamy responds adamantly that the NFB doesn't distribute its films at a loss—so mere Canadians can see them, the board says—the effect is to undercut and smother the independents. André Lamy says that the NFB doesn't distribute its films at a loss—so mere Canadians can see them, the board says—the effect is to undercut and smother the independents. André Lamy says that the NFB doesn't distribute its films at a loss—so mere Canadians can see them, the board says—the effect is to undercut and smother the independents.

mostly \$12 million in 1977-78. Much of that money, however, goes to what McLaren calls "phony free-lancers." These are the 128 people who are as staff—some since the 1950s—in all ways except that they have contracts—most are on fixed contracts—and hence no job security.

The true independents also argue that the work set out by the board is seldom anything to get excited about. "If I were André Lamy I'd do the same thing," says Budge Crawley, probably the most successful of the independents. "I'd take all the places for myself and I'd put all the crap out to tender. We don't even bother bidding anymore. It's a farce." In any event, once the full effect of the cuts has been evaluated, one doubts it will be independent who will suffer most. "Next year everything we can get will come to us," says Lamy. McLaren, head of the NFB's English production, even at the expense of the private sector.

Naturally there is no shortage of suggestions for improvement though few are as drastic as what Peter Pearson says he told André Lamy when Lamy was reportedly considering Pearson for assistant commissioner. "I don't know what the hell you can do with it other than put a bomb under it." Apart from the NFB's horrendous suburban location, the core of the problem, as everyone will admit, is that the NFB is unable to burn off its deadwood. Donald Britton says he would do away with fully half of the present staff of 363. Sydney Newman, commissioner before

Burroughs, and good, probably in *Turning Time*: here a good young boy, look



Lamy, says when he arrived in 1979, "I inherited an organization that had been marinating in its juices for too many years. It's just impossible to drop stuff! When the budget shrinks, the board becomes the consummate bureaucracy, with just enough money to pay salaries and nothing to initiate work."

It is difficult to place blame. "You can't fault Lamy," says Budge Crawley. "Free-producers and so stick there and enterprising people get out because they're sick and tired of the slow pace." There are but a very few Norman McLaren and Bill Mason who work hard to produce superb material, and who would not likely exit without the board. "Despite all the crap," says Donald Britton, who still does co-productions with the board, "there are the nuggets, and it's therefore worthwhile."

All of which brings us back to the whole *Drop* in the minds of some people there is a substance known as unemployment, and it is highly valued for the sweet-scented perfume that can be produced from it. The guttering with ambergris, as with the National Film Board, in whether or not it is worth plowing through all the fat to get stit.

Photo by [unreadable]



World News

A step, small and faltering but in the right direction

It was a Summit hastily assembled to discuss end of disaster, and there were moments when the lack of preparation—there was very little protocol, less organization and no agenda—seemed certain to precipitate the three principals into a muddle if nothing worse. "It's as risky as the rhythm method and potentially as productive," quipped one of the State Department officials involved in the Camp David talks.

But after six days, President Jimmy Carter and his leading guests, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat and Israel's Prime Minister Menachem Begin, had made some progress—notably on the West Bank issue—in between such symbolic placemes as a scheduled visit to the Gettysburg battlefield, turning point of the American Civil War, and a military display by the U.S. Marines. Substantial points of difference remained. But the principals were still talking and were expected to continue to thread their delicate way through the diplomatic minefield well into a second week.

From the start, the meeting had all

the earmarks of a gamble—and so it was. Although the White House would not say so officially, it was widely understood that Carter had called it after intelligence reports from his National Security Agency had suggested Egypt was gearing up for another war in the Sinai. President Sadat had already threatened that he would not renew the mandate for United Nations troops to remain in the desert after the present agreement expires in October. At the same time, the Sinai initiative for peace—as full of hope when he made his dramatic journey to Jerusalem last November—was in tatters and Arab-Israeli relations were deteriorating by the day.

In Lebanon the Syrians were becoming increasingly belligerent toward the Christian minority—inviting an Israeli intervention, and a direct Syrian-Israeli conflict would almost inevitably drag in Egypt and trigger a new oil embargo by Saudi Arabia. So the Summit plan was hurriedly hatched. The two old enemies, Begin and Sadat, were a war apart on policy in the run-up to

the deliberations at Camp David.

■ Egypt was insisting that Israel move troops and settlers from all the Arab land occupied in the 1967 war—the Sinai Peninsula, the Golan Strip, the West Bank of the Jordan and the Golan Heights. While recognizing that withdrawal could not happen overnight, Sadat still wanted a clear, short-term deadline. Israel said that compromise was possible. But because of the "absolute necessity" for secure borders it refused to give up everything it once observes say Israel will never voluntarily leave the Golan Heights).

■ While Egypt argued that the Palestinians have the right to determine their own future, including the establishment of their own state, Israel insisted that the creation of a Palestinian state would be "intolerable." Instead the Israelis offered local autonomy for a five-year period for Palestinians living on the West Bank and in the Golan Strip, with the possibility of discussion about sovereignty after five years.

■ Jerusalem—site of an emotional tag-war based on age-old religious lay-

claims—Egypt and Sadat at their second meeting. Healy in response to rumors of this—completed the catalogue of the seat.

If the world was filled with foreboding, however, the atmosphere at Camp David prepared to welcome its Summit guests just weeks ago in the point of suspense. The tone was set by Carter's National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski. Strolling across to reporters waiting on the green asphalt helicopter pad, which doubles as a sheet shooting range and soccer field for the Marines, he was asked what the leaders would be that evening. "Just relax," he replied. How did it expect the day to go? "Very informally."

The sole exceptions to this easygoing regime were the press. From the start, White House was determined that there should be no leaks to raise temperatures or either side, and to prevent them they insisted, over strong Israeli objections, that Carter's press secretary, Jody Powell, would be the only spokesman. In the 140 or so reporters found themselves quartered at the American Legion hall at Tharment, a pretty village about six miles from Camp David. With the road to the summit blocked by police, and helicopter gunships patrolling the skies in case of a terrorist plot, the Legion bar (beer at 80¢ a mug) was as close as some of the journalists got to the action.

After being installed initially in their separate lodges the leaders were left to their own devices. But it was a glorious late summer afternoon on the day of their arrival and the leaf-shaded hiking trails within the camp must have looked inviting. Thus came about the first (unscheduled) meeting between the visiting heads of state. It happened not quite by chance. Both men had brought their own guards, armed to the teeth and carrying walkie-talkie radios so that at any given moment everyone would know where anyone was. So when President Sadat decided to take a stroll the Israelis were able to orchestrate an encounter. Sadat and Begin had just met in Jerusalem where they parted hardly on the best of terms. Now, half a world away, using a map, the Israeli guards guided their man toward the Egyptian leader and the two soon stood chatting away the hours.

Despite Brzezinski's forecast, the talks did start that night. At 8:30 Begin joined Carter in the president's study at Aspen Lodge and two hours of close discussion focused on the Israeli leader's bottom-line negotiating position. The following day at 10 a.m. it was Sadat's turn. This time the talks, on the flagstone patio behind the lodge, centered on the conditions that might persuade the Egyptian leader to sign a separate

peace treaty. The three principals met together for the first time that afternoon and after 100 minutes released the first official statement. It read "After four years, despite vast human efforts, the Holy Land does not yet enjoy the blessings of peace. As we meet here at Camp David, we ask people of all faiths to pray with our nation and justice may result from these deliberations."

Up to this point, the news blackout had worked very well, but as the third day dawned on Jody Powell's tight ship began to leak just a little. The Israelis let it be known that a certain chemistry was at work, that Carter was applying a lot of pressure and that, almost in return, the two leaders were on friendly terms.

The focus of discussion, first between the U.S. and Israeli teams, then between the three principals, was a specific American congressional proposal for the future of the Sinai desert. According to some sources, Carter was trying to work out a formula whereby Israeli-occupied desert areas would be

given back to Egypt almost immediately while the Israelis retained far more true control of the Golan Strip. At this point, in an indication that the talks might have got around to ways of securing future Israeli security, U.S. Secretary of Defense Harold Brown arrived with a party of 10 Pentagon aides. Brown, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Brzezinski went into immediate conference with Israeli Foreign Minister Dayan, Defense Minister Ezer Weizman and their advisers. After an hour Vice-President Walter Mondale joined the meeting and it lasted for another 90 minutes. At the same time other Pentagon officials met with Israeli defense experts at another of the lodges.

Thursday night was cool and fresh in the Maryland mountains. There was an impressive display of precision drill by the Marines and afterward the "Big Three" walked back by moonlight to their separate cabins. But not to sleep. About 10:30 p.m. Sadat joined Carter for an intensive discussion, this time about just what kind of Israeli with-

Map showing Israel's settlements in the disputed Golan Strip and West Bank areas, and the two towns of these settlements, Ramat (right) and Pekiin (below); the cross of B.



drewal from the West Bank would be acceptable. The issue had emerged as a major point in the talks. Sadat was closed with his advisers for about an hour after leaving Carter, but he was still up at seven, walking alone in the woods before his breakfast. The issue at the West Bank was again taken up later in the morning, this time between Vance, Brown and Brzezinski and the Israeli Dayan and Weizman.

Carter too was up early. By 5:00 he had received disquieting CIA reports of Christian armies building up for an attack on the Syrians in Lebanon, with all the danger of Israel being drawn into the trap and a collapse of the Summit. There were also reports from Iran (see page 40) and Rhodesia (see page 42).

Begin and Sadat during Aghass and Gonen at a later meeting; a Lebanon-Israeli trend



The U.K.

Why do it now, wait for spring

It was clearly a difficult decision. But in the end Britain's Prime Minister James Callaghan, the Prime Trades, decided an election could wait until next year. After a series of teasing hints to

After an hour-long, harried meeting of his closest aides, troubleshooters were dispatched to try to calm things down. That settled, the rest of the working day was spent in a Camp David version of Henry Kissinger's "strategic diplomacy" with Carter visiting each guest's lodge in turn. The focus was still on the West Bank and Carter, clearly, was tackling the obstacles point by point.

On Saturday, spokesmen Jody Powell broke with routine by venturing the first official assessment of the talks so far. There had been progress in some areas, he declared. But "substantial differences" remained on other important issues and further progress would depend on how the so far intractable problems yielded to diplomacy in other words, in the Camp David bawling game, the participants had to knock over all five pins to win.

In Washington the view was that Israel had made major concessions over the West Bank, but that these were not yet enough to satisfy Sadat, who could not offer a half success to his peasant back into the good graces of his Arab neighbors. "If there is a complete failure that is open and very clear, then at least Sadat can go back into the Arab political establishment," said one Egyptian writer close to his leader. He added: "The president just cannot continue to hang out on the limb by himself, as he has since he went to Jerusalem. He needs above all to have the result clear, and clearly understood, whether it is a success or failure."

As the second week of discussions dawned, that issue of success and failure was still open and the world could still continue to hope.

William Leavitt/Cathy Fox

The Assumption of Survival

Neanderthal, now there was a man. A squat, shaggy, beetle-browed fellow whose average life span was about 29 years, his species showed amazing ingenuity to adapt and survive from 110,000 B.C. to 35,000 B.C. He created weapons, lived in rock shelters or built homes and reverently buried his dead. As an early forerunner of modern man, he supported his family hunting and gathering. In the evening, around the cooking fire, there was talk and laughter. For Neanderthal man and woman, survival was never assumed — it was always a struggle for food, shelter and life. Their only insurance in this task was their own human planning for the needs of yet another tomorrow.



Today, of course, our survival needs are more complex. We not only want to care for our families from day to day, but to provide for them when we can no longer "hunt." This provision for survival cannot be assumed, but must be planned for. Life insurance is one of the main tools for this task.

But to be truly effective, this tool must be wielded with precision which requires special insights. It's a word we at Manulife use to describe the personal care, planning and creativity we bring to bear on your insurance needs.

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the annual Trades Union Congress convention in Brighton—he even received delegates with a march of the old music hall song "Waiting at the Church"—Callaghan went on television last week and told his countrymen the Labor government was doing a good job and he proposed to "see it through."

His announcement—he had confidently been expected to name Oct. 5 as polling day—crushed Opposition leader Margaret Thatcher on a whistle-stop election warm-up tour of the Midlands and her Conservative party in the mid-

die of a controversial advertising campaign with a reported price tag of \$4 million.

Callaghan must have relished the thought of the snow-firing his opponents and his temperamental will have inclined him to hang on as long as possible. But against the temptation to wait until spring or summer 1979 (his five-year mandate runs out in October) he had to weigh the prospect of worsening inflation and the customary crop of winter labor disputes.

What may well have swung the bal-

Insights into Insurance

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of what was going on, but his erstwhile communications secretary, now Lord Thomson of Moudith, had insisted Wilson had been told everything—and in writing. Wilson then partially retracted, admitted he had seen a document, but claimed it told only half the story.

Whatever was right, Labor's bright electoral image (it had a 5-per-cent poll lead in August) could only have been stained by this public conflict between two eminent party politicians. The oil deals themselves may well produce criminal charges when the director of public prosecutions has studied a 600-page inquiry report into the affair.

If there was any comfort for Callaghan as he picked his way through the political minefield of these late summer days—former Liberal leader Jeremy Thorpe from constitutional proceedings Oct. 9 on charges of conspiracy and in new court involvement to murder a male model who claims to have had a homosexual relationship with him—it lay in the stable news of union delegates assembled at Brighton for the annual mass display of British working-class power.

For years the rivet has been dominated by the extreme "scabbe twins"—Hugh Scudlon of the engineering workers and Jack Jones of the transport workers. After Labor came to power again in 1974 Jones and Scudlon, both once ardent leftists, moved to more respectable, middle-of-the-road positions. But there was always a grain of truth in the joke that it was the cloth-capped Jones, not Wilson or Callaghan, who roled in 16 Downing Street.

This year, however, both are being succeeded by moderates. Midlands-born Terry Duffy, a right-of-centre man who is determined, insiders say, to stamp out shop-floor power, heads the engineers and Morton (Moss) Brown from South Wales, slightly to the left of Duffy but still a consensus man, will lead the transport workers. Both are rumored to be bent on shifting the party's power base to the centre.

That is exactly where Callaghan feels most comfortable. So although the rivet has rejected his appeal for a 5-per-cent pay policy, Callaghan thinks he can afford to ride out the winter. As for Thatcher, she needs time to build her team. Except for the maverick rightwinger Sir Keith Joseph and the crowd-musing Michael Heseltine (nicknamed Goldilocks for his flowing blonde mane), the Tories hardly stir the electoral pulse. They tend to be scissoring behind scenes like shadow chancellor Sir Geoffrey Howe, or oil-rich courtiers like Francis Pym, widely touted as Thatcher's successor should she fall when that elusive election finally comes.

Carol Kennedy

West Germany

The spies in the ointment

IN the time of the "Guillotine affair," when an East German spy was uncovered in then-Chancellor Willy Brandt's office, it was estimated that there were 40,000 Communist agents operating in West Germany not counting the small fry. The regular discovery of East bloc spies since has done nothing to disprove that view and last week another scandal was simmering which looked as though it might be as spicy as the one, in 1974, that forced Brandt's resignation.

The most serious of a string of charges, allegedly implicating leading figures in Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's Social Democratic Party (SPD), was that its general secretary, Egon Bahr, had drawn up plans to take the country out of NATO as a first step in the reunification of the two Germanys, and that this move had been disclosed to the Soviet Union by an SPD deputy in the Bundestag (parliament).

The starting point of the affair was the disappearance from a Cologne hotel

Bahr (foreground) and Brouche-Groner: looking too long in the wrong direction



It felt like Europe. With a dash of Hemingway.

Old walls. Clouds making faces.
Breeze. Summer. Waiter loc' ed like a
Toulouse-Lautrec poster.
Appetitis (Smirnoff and red vermouth).
Let's come back.



Smirnoff
leaves you breathless

Callaghan (above) and Thatcher (below): all dressed up and no place to go



since is the embarrassing row over the pivot or not Shell oil companies, recently revealed to have condoned sun-bath-baiting operations in diverting oil to the illegal regime in Rhodesia.

Although these "back door" deals took place under the noses of Conservatives as well as Labor administrators, it was former Labor premier Sir Harold Wilson, who was at the centre of the storm in the days leading up to Callaghan's pre-election announcement.

Wilson had claimed he knew nothing

swank while on a trade mission in late July, of Lt.-Gen. Ion Pașpa, a close confidant of Romanian President Nicolae Ceaușescu, and his subsequent defection to the American Central Intelligence Agency. Pașpa was reported to have told the CIA of a plan to "Finlandize" (neutralize) West Germany, supported by top secret figures. He was also purported to have furnished a list of 870 members working for the East.

spies who passed the so-called Baer Plan to the other side. The spy, for its part, called the after a "warrior campaign" aimed at its Ostpolitik and its chances in mid-October provincial elections in Hesse and Bavaria, which are crucial for Helmut Schmidt's coalition government.

Brandt, still spy chairman, called on the U.S. government for clarification and a Baer spokesman quoted the

time before newsmen roared out evidence to back a "transformation of voluntary Finlandization of the Baer," attributed to President Carter's security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski.

So the West German federal prosecutor's office began an investigation into the links and, in Romania, Ceaușescu speeded to a thoroughgoing purge which in six months has led to the replacement of seven ministers and which is thought to have led to Pașpa's defection. The latest casualties: Interior Minister Theodor Gheorghiu and 12 members of his security service.

The Baer scare is only one of a series of tremors to shake a nation already jittery about a renewed outbreak of terrorism despite the death in a restaurant shoot-out on Wednesday of a "most-wanted" Baader-Meinhof veteran, Peter Schell. It is only a few months since major government secrets were found to have leaked from the defense ministry, and only weeks since the respected premier of Baden-Württemberg, Hans Filbinger, quit after his sous-chef had been recruited at his Nam party by playwright Rolf Hochhuth. As the Baer saga put it, "It's beginning to seem as if every other German is either a terrorist, a spy or an ex-Nazi—or all three at once." **Philip Grenard**



Brandt (left) and Helke. If the peace is in the pudding, who's got the pudding?

The West German press, notably newspapers belonging to the Springer chain which is opposed both to the government and to its Ostpolitik policy of rapprochement with East Germany, took up the story with relish. Among those intrigued were Baer's private secretary Joachim Brodner-Groeger, 38, and deputy Uwe Holte, 34, and the party's leader in the Bundestag, Herbert Wehner. As the news unfolded, the Bundestag was called back from summer recess to lift Helke's parliamentary immunity so that his office and home could be searched. Nothing incriminating was found, however, and Holte went as television to deny that he was the

American embassy as saying the U.S. "has neither documentary nor any other evidentiary material" for a withdrawal from NATO. The statement took some of the heat out of the affair. But, significantly, it omitted any reference to the list of spies supposedly made available by Pașpa. Another big question that remained unanswered was: who made the original disclosures?

People persuaded of a CIA "dirty trick" resulted that before the scandal broke there had been reports of official U.S. concern that the Schmidt government's loyalty to NATO was not as strong as might be hoped. After Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev's visit to Bonn in May, the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* forecast that it could be only a matter of

Chile

Getting back to the basics

Chile, where the dictatorship of Augusto Pinochet is in its first anniversary this week. At home it faces severe economic problems and continuing dissent—a labor dispute was reported last week to have impeded the government to impose a state of siege in a vital copper mining region, and air force commander Gustavo Leigh was fired from the ruling junta at the end of July for advocating a speedy return to democracy.

Aboard, it is embroiled in border disputes with its three neighbors—Argentina, Peru and Bolivia, it still is an international target because of its denial of human rights, and, most crucially for Pinochet, the United States has cut off arms shipments until the junta hands over for trial Manuel Contreras, former chief of the secret police. He is wanted for alleged complicity in the Washington murder of Chilean exile Orlando Letelier, a former diplomat, two years ago.

But while the junta talks of yet another commission to study a new consti-



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Poached, dangerous whale wounded
 tution and an investigation into the fate of 2,500 Chileans missing after arrest, the signs are that it has been reverting to repression.

Most political prisoners are now freed or exiled, but those remaining in Chile cannot get jobs. There's no longer a strike, but police make night arrests for vagrancy. Instead of blatant murders, the National Centre for Investigation, the chief organ of state security, has become accident-prone. The strongest strike has occurred. Five days after a Canadian reported poet peasant activist Carlos Garron in Santiago, police "found" the farmworker's body beside the railroad track, his head crushed in, both arms broken. Few were prepared to swallow the tale of a train accident

after it was revealed that his arms, which bore no exterior wounds, had been injured before his death.

Other such cases abound. A Russian Cuthbert given jumped from a top window. A trial witness died in a car accident in the desert, no other car for miles. Fishermen found two bodies, hands wired behind their backs, in their nets (the weird: suicide). A foreign ministry official who issued a false passport to Michael Twyman, key figure in the Lettich murder investigation, committed suicide after lunching with three junta generals.

Fear of losing a job is another effective threat. Dissent means dismissal or blacklisting, and a man without work has no social security. Unemployment,



way which was not in our interest. And they co-operated with Westerners, rich Iranians, the ruling class which has governed this country like a private enterprise, not giving any democratic rights to the people.

Musavian: Do the Shi'ite leaders then consider themselves to be the representatives of the silent and suffering majority?

Makari: Do not misunderstand me. We do not want to govern. All we want is for the principles of the constitution to be respected. Until now we have heard only empty words and promises. We want to have free elections, the freedom to say and to write what we think.

Musavian: (SIO of them would die that day in August) in Tehran, and Makari (Jawid) certain remarks aren't appreciated



A word with His Majesty's . . . uh . . . loyal opposition

Martial law was imposed on Tehran and 11 other cities last week during a new wave of unemployment demonstrations brutally put down by the army. The protests and the climax of eight months of violent opposition to the rule of the Shah which is thought to have cost more than 1,000 lives recently. The Shah reshuffled his government and ordered a relaxation of censorship, greater political freedom and concessions to religious beliefs in an attempt to cool opposition which he blames on "conservative" Shi'ite Muslim leaders and "Marxists" acting in alliance. But in this exclusive interview with Makari's most important ally, Khatami, the Shi'ite Muslim leader, Makari says that it is the Shah who is to blame for the unrest.

Musavian: Are you in league with the 'Feraids?

Makari: We do not have relations with them. We are both against the Shah in certain respects, but this is the only thing we have in common. We are believing Muslims, the others are atheists.

Musavian: The government often accuses that it has never touched Islamic values by passing new laws.

Makari: This too is up to us to decide. Religion in this country covers almost every aspect of life. The Shah is not a Muslim. He does not know anything about religion and the Koran.

Musavian: And there are no dangers?

Makari: Yes. Two world wars have given several foreign powers the chance to influence widely life in Iran—often in a

3 per cent under Salvador Allende, Francher's predecessor as president, was raised and killed by the junta, now rate at 14.7 per cent and goes as high as 75 per cent in some mining towns.

Life is grim even for those with proper jobs. A factory worker or a baker makes no more than \$16.50 a week in a country where food prices are not much different from those in Canada. The junta admits there are more than two million Chileans in "extreme poverty."

Serious, too, is the long-term effect of a depressed economy on the young. The junta admits that 80,000 children suffer from malnutrition and that some will never recover. Meningitis and bronchitis sweep Santiago's shanty suburbs, and child prostitution is rife.

Very few people now have reason to

soon as these democratic rights are given to the people there will be no conflicts with the regime.

Musavian: That sounds very progressive.

Makari: On the other hand you often say that you dislike the modernization process in Iran.

Makari: This is not contradictory. Democracy and progress are possible in a predominantly Islamic society.

Musavian: Are Saudi Arabia and Libya, where Islam plays an important role, good examples of how religion could be kept alive in a modern world?

Makari: No, nor at all. It is ridiculous to put off hands and beat up people. We do not want to turn back the wheel of history.

Musavian: Why are you against the land reform of the Shah? Is it because the Shi'ite church has had to give land away?

Makari: We are not against the land reform, as long as it really helps the poor farmers. But the government gave them neither the knowledge to cultivate nor the necessary credit. Many farmers have had to move to the big cities where they live in extreme poverty.

Musavian: The identification of women in Iran has reached a higher level than in some countries of the West. Do you want to stop that movement?

Makari: Every woman should have the right to be treated the same way as a man, should have the same opportunities and education. But women should respect our traditions and religion.

Musavian: Ayatollah, the political system and the demonstrations have shaken the regime of the Shah. Do you want to end his reign?

Makari: No, we are not against the Shah in general. His rights are laid down in the constitution. But he should give the people their rights, too.

Schenley O.F.C.:
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len Pinchoat, not even the middle and upper classes whose ranks have been thinned by falling industrial production and bankruptcy. "If the support of the rich and comfortable was 100 per cent at the end of 1977, it is now not even 30 per cent," lamented Pinchoat's wife Lucia in the newspaper *Mercuro*, recently. Only the army backs him, and so Pinchoat becomes even more closely linked to the Letelier murder by U.S. investigators, the pragmatists among the generals may conclude that he is expendable. In the meantime, however, the sick lion continues his reign of fear.

Alison Asker

Rhodesia

A counterproposal written in blood

As a gesture it could hardly have been more pointed. While the world was still abuzz about the news that Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith had, after all, met Patriotic Front co-leader Joshua Nkomo to offer him a job in a new government, Nkomo's guerrillas shot down a Rhodesian airliner. It crashed into a range of hills known locally as Whetitia. The English translation: You go no further.

That piece of irony seemed aimed



Rhodesian police picking up bodies from the shot-down airliner. None were denied to the guerrillas.

straight at Smith's "imperial settlement" plan for bringing black majority rule to Rhodesia, and, just as bad, news of Smith's meeting with Nkomo infuriated Bishop Abel Muzorewa and the Rev. Ndabasingwe Sibeko, the black moderate leaders in the transitional government who have refused to talk with the guerrillas' chiefs.

Signs of stress from within the cabinet were not long in coming. Ralla Hagman, Rhodesia's white co-minister of internal affairs, announced that the December 31 deadline for universal suf-

frage elections could not be met, and, even when the vote came the guerrillas, who control the countryside, seemed likely to rule the ballot boxes, too.

As the end of the week neared, they shelled the city of Umtali and stepped up border attacks to show they still meant business, and while Rhodesians were reportedly bent on taking revenge against Nkomo's hand for the 40 people killed in and after the plane crash by a guerrilla group. This all seemed to promise a continuation of the six-year-old war that has sapped the country's economy, split and polarized its people over 3,000-a-month mortality, rather than a peaceful progress to the polls.

There's no business like show business

The slogan of the original brasserie of the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius in Tripoli read: "The laws of Islam, combined with socialism, will conquer the world." But heavy-eyed Western diplomats in the Libyan capital had more than such vague threats to ponder last week after a small-hours spectacular raid on the country's maverick ruler, Colonel Muammar Qaddafi.

Celebrations on September 2 to mark the sixth anniversary of the Libyan revolution which brought Qaddafi to power were somewhat late in starting—the desert climate being a shade on the warm side for marching during daylight hours. But when they did begin there was nothing to complain about. A four-hour military parade in the best Soviet October Revolution style, with the latest tanks and Sam-7 missiles, churned the terrain of Martyrs Square into a plowed field. It was an impressive

demonstration of the country's vast power and wealth. Libya is the fifth largest oil exporter in the world, supplying the U.S., France, Britain and West Germany among other countries.

What set the diplomatic heads reeling, however, was a 60-minute address by Qaddafi himself, flanked by diplomats of "friendly" nations and representatives of the 30 or so international guerrilla movements to whom he plays host. In it Qaddafi (who in February produced Volume 2 of his green book on policy, principal slogan: "Partners not wage slaves") urged Libyan workers to take over the country's factories and as-

sume absolute power.

By midweek, according to the local newspapers, 115 establishments ranging from the Omar Kayam Manzoni factory of Benghazi to the already nationalized cement, chemical and steel industries had been grabbed. That left in doubt the future of one significant foreign stake in the country—oil. Despite Qaddafi's strong anticapitalist views, Western oil companies still possess about a 50-per-cent holding in the Libyan oil industry. But if oil companies have been on bad terms with Qaddafi for some time now because he wants them to step up exploration (Libya could be the third largest oil-exporting nation in the world) while they refuse to do so on the grounds that the returns to them would not justify the investment.

So the take-over trend was being watched with some anxiety by the oil companies in case they were the next targets. The other point of speculation was whether Qaddafi's speech was intended to be the start of a cultural revolution along Maoist lines, in which case the country might be in for a period of serious upheaval. There were few clues, but the one certain prediction seemed to be that Qaddafi-watchers were in for several more sleepless nights.

Ian Nathan

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Joff Lynas is just an average 12-year-old from Downsview, Ontario, who plays with the family cat, Tigger, and likes watching Dick Van Dyke reruns after school. That is when he's not starring in award-winning Canadian films like *Let My Father Tell Me*, a CBS TV movie, *Something for Joey* (the network's highest-rated feature last year) or his most recent lead role in *Time-Like's Love: A Circle of Children, Part II*, to be broadcast later this TV season. Lynas plays a child cured of a learning disability and about to graduate to the public school system. But after this role, and having played a youngster coming to grips with life's harsh realities and a boy dying of leukemia, Lynas says he wants to "get out of those crying things" and do something a little happier for a change.

Roger Vadim, in his films and in his extracurricular activities, has always surrounded himself with breathtakingly beautiful women—Catherine Deneuve, Brigitte Bardot and Jane Fonda among them. Now Catherine Lynas, whose considerable face and figure have

Lynas: not bad for a kid... or an adult

adorned a half-dozen Canadian movies (including Danya Ruess's *Grass* and Joyce Wieland's *The Fur Store*) and whose acting skills have got her in contention for an *Étoile* at the Canadian Film Awards this week (for the as-yet-unreleased *The Rebel Partner*) joins the guess. She will play the lead in what is certainly a one-woman movie called *Night German*, now to begin production in Manila. (It was supposed to be Vancouver but the money fell through.) Given that it's a Vadim film, that the plot involves a rape fantasy, and that Lynas has no compunction about donning her clothes, it should arrive complete with an "R" rating.

Michael Douglas plays a would-be marathoner, Georgetown, Ontario, and Toronto's Bay Street play *Boxing*, and Montreal's Olympic Stadium plays itself in Douglas' new film *Runaway*. But Douglas' puffing in the Boston Marathon segment of the film is far real. He dropped a pack-a-day cigarette habit and worked his way up to running 50 miles a week for the role. "It's not always every morning," admits Douglas, the former star of *The Streets of San Francisco* who pocketed \$40 million producing Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, "but his fans are far hangovers."

Zsuzanna Andrews plays, dreamed of playing in the National Football League as a youngster in Oakville, Ontario and later as a star kicker at UCLA. And there he was, after seven years with the Toronto Argonauts, in his first

Lynas: playing scores very good company

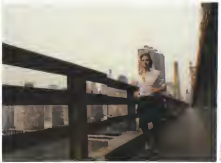
NFL game, standing behind the Kansas City Chiefs' free waiting for the fourth-down snap. It snatched in a perfect spide and... called over Andrews' head. The Cincinnati Bengals fell on it for a touchdown. Before the final gun on his long-awaited NFL debut, the Bengals blocked another punt and scored again and one of "Zee's" sky pants, designed to drop inside the opponent's 30-yard line, went off the side of his foot and boomed a tough 20 yards. But after finishing the day with a respectable passing average, Andrews says he is happy to be in the NFL. "I just couldn't play another year in Toronto, where you after year, highly talented athletes don't play up to their potential." As the Zoo's dream comes true, Toronto is sweating through that same nightmare.

Former University of Toronto president John Evans' drive to Parkland Hill has run into a small detour. Evans, contesting the Liberal nomination for the Toronto-Rosedale riding (Oct. 30) against former mayor David Crombie, has a campaign bus that is neither tiny nor perfect. The bright red, 18-foot-long converted school bus, with broad white slash and "John Evans" burnished front, back, sides and top, has not escaped the notice of Evans' Rosedale and staunchly Tory neighbors. They've howled loudly that he park it out of sight of their resident Tudor mansions, preferably in a lower-cost district. As the bus stops and starts down Highland Avenue's backstreets now, it just goes to show that you can't park a red bus in a blue neighborhood.

Douglas: getting a run for his money

Tyson: really she'd rather do it herself
 (S)eparated from husband Ian ("he's making a lot of money raising horses and cattle in Alberta") and divorced from her record company (after Capitol Records boss Robert Perry "made it clear he didn't like me, my material, or the way I recorded it"), Sylvia Tyson is ready on her own. Her latest album, *Serve on Stone* has been released on her own independent label, Salt Records. Despite sales in excess of 25,000 for her first solo album and close to 20,000 for her second, Tyson has had to devote 1 1/2 years and \$50,000 to get her third solo LP produced and into record stores across Canada. "Canadians still have a basic inferiority complex about their artists," the singer-songwriter, author and host of the radio program *Tyson's Fourth* says, "and people will still ask me if I do Helen Reddy or Linda Ronstadt."

Evans: well, there goes the neighborhood



A whole new definition for the term 'paper tiger'

When Andrew Sarles is pleased with himself, as he is when he considers he has won a round in the game of business, he grins. Those days he is grinning maniacally, as if he had fooled the world. "I had an old lady call me yesterday," he says, his Glasgow accent making dents in his sentences. "Young man," she told me, "I have owned shares of Abitibi Paper Co. for 28 years, and I am delighted you have just purchased 10 per cent of the company. I hope you will do something!" The grin goes impossibly wide as he tells the story and adds, "I will."

The question is what. Early this month, Sarles completed a grab for \$31-million worth of Abitibi Paper Co. Ltd. and touched off rampant speculation that the Canadian pulp and paper industry was in for a major ownership realignment.

Abitibi had become a prospective take-over victim, Power Corporation of Canada-controlled Consolidated Bathurst Ltd. was buying further into Abitibi subsidiary Price Co. Ltd., and West Coast giant MacMillan Bloedel was still eyeing sibling Read Paper Ltd. Suddenly, no one trusted anyone anymore.

The man who started it all, Andy Sarles, had pulled off one of the financial coups of the year by making himself and his partners the major shareholders in Abitibi Paper, with \$1 billion in assets the world's largest newspaper manufacturer. Earlier this year, Sarles committed about \$275,000 of the \$9-million investment portfolio of his company, HJ Holdings Ltd., to Abitibi because he saw the firm's future as bright, if not incandescent. The scare of an industry strike and the sinking costs of U.S. paper were driving up U.S. demand for Canadian newsprint. Too, the faltering Canadian dollar was adding 12 cents to Abitibi earnings for every penny it dropped. If the dollar remains depressed Abitibi will double its earnings this year to \$1.40 per share. Add the rise in price of Abitibi's stock, and you have a juicy take-over prospect. But first, you must have Andy Sarles.

Sarles had already decided to increase his Abitibi holdings when Maxine Strogg came to see him August 26. The former Petrocan chairman and Power Corp. president turned federal Liberal candidate wanted his old

friend Sarles to manage his investments. They quickly discovered a mutual interest in owning 10 per cent of Abitibi.

Strogg called persuasive millionaire Paul Nathanson of Vancouver, British Columbia, and Odessa Theatre wealth, his partner in Strogg Invest-



Sarles (above) and an Abitibi operation (top) run and profit in equal amounts

ments Ltd., to arrange what Strogg readily admits is "most of the money for our ball." Sarles claims he then called his own mysterious backer, with the intention of taking an option on his stock. That same day, with Thomson, Kerruish & Co. as broker, the partnership purchased 128,000 shares of Abitibi on the Toronto Stock Exchange at \$15 a share. The following Tuesday they added 18,000 more by raising the offer slightly above \$25 Wednesday, 88,000 shares were added at \$16.00 on the rise and 525,000 shares at \$17 on the Vancouver Exchange. As



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analysts and Abitibi played guess-the-buyer and guess-the-auctioneer into Thursday, August 26, 1988. At 10 a.m. with an offer to buy another 600,000 shares of Abitibi, again at \$17. September 1, a week after the grab began, 1.8 million shares were in hand. Total cost \$31 million.

Abitibi was getting nervous. What would Sarles, Strogg and Nathanson do with their chunk of the company? If what Sarles has done in the past is any guide, he will wait until the stock hits \$25 and sell for a fast \$10-million profit. Sarles thinks that might take a year, which is when his option is due. "But," he says, "it depends to a large extent

upon what the company does. If we are successful, as the new major shareholder, in convincing management to reinvest their dividends, then we may stay in longer." But if change-up fever grips the pulp and paper investment community, and if an Argus Corp., Canadian Pacific or Power Corp. goes after Ashtab, then Surles and his partners will be out much faster, much faster. That may have been Andy Surles' intention all along. If so, it is an inspired plan because an Ashtab and Consolidated-Bathurst merger has been signed for years to fight the American competition that is slowly destroying the Canadian industry. If Surles and Strong are in it for the unlikely "investment purposes" they claim, it will mark a radical departure in the style of Andy Surles. As a Surles associate says, "For Andy, it has never been the money. It has always been the game." — **an Brown**

A man who's got it all sewn up

Canada's clothing industry has undergone something of a sea change in recent years as more and more foreign imports eroded Canadian manufacturers' markets. While heavily erected import quotas have slowed the foreign tide, the whims of off-line manufacturers can still be heard over their sewing machines. Some companies have made without a trace, others have abandoned manufacturing for importing.

But one company that's both manufacturing and importing, and more than just afloat in a tough industry, is The Jay International Ltd. of Winnipeg. In 31 years since he began from less than \$1 million to a \$50-million women's fashion empire with branches in Toronto, Montreal, New York, Los Angeles, Hong Kong and Taipei.

Three days, with next day's fashions more on the mind than this month's, further expansion is under way with a \$4.5-million factory in Winnipeg and a \$5-million factory extension in Los Angeles that is meant to double production and sales in five years. The man behind this phenomenal company, which imports from the Orient, exports to the U.S. and flourishes while others wither, is 37-year-old Peter Nygrod. He's a man who can't wait time to live in his office. It is, however, not in a corner. Indeed, he could withstand a siege of weeks armed with a bar, sleeping quarters, shower, sauna, food supplies and enough electronic gadgetry to control his worldwide business from his desk. And the flick of a switch can dim lights, draw curtains, lock doors and pipe in romantic music. Another switch transforms the character-

fuld into a bed beneath a ceiling of mirrors.

"I don't even waste time going to a gym," says Nygrod, indicating a pair of barbells. "I keep a pair in all the other places I live, just as I keep clothes all over the world. I can leave this office in five minutes for any place on the globe." A golden \$50,000 Casio watch sits outside, ready to switch him to an airport, perhaps to his yacht anchored in the Bahamas, or to one of five more Residences he keeps at working and watering holes around the world.

"I use all my time for productive work," he says. "I found myself early in



Nygrod on the floor of his Winnipeg factory. Any place he hangs his hat is home.

life and don't waste time pursuing things that get me nowhere. I knew I wanted to run my own business and that I wanted to work hard for success." In between phone calls he'll tell his hairdresser to tell his wife never idle during his 18-hour day.

It is a work style that began at age 12 when he had five people and ran four Winnipeg paper routes. His family had emigrated to Canada from Poland and after university he joined T. Eaton Co. Ltd. where he was quickly running a \$10-million business supervising home furnishings in three provinces.

In 1962 Nygrod switched to fashion when Nathan Jacob, owner of Winnipeg's Jacob Fishkins Ltd., found himself without sons to carry on the business. "I told Mr. Jacob to give me a proving period in which I'd take little pay. If

my ideas worked I'd get the financial reward later."

Installed as president, he renamed the company Jay Jay, and over the next seven years bought out Jacob and his partners. "I knew nothing about fashion, but that may have been an advantage," he says. "People in the industry had always known hatted parties wouldn't sell. I didn't know that, so I manufactured them, and they sold very well."

Thirty-five per cent of the \$5 million garments he sells annually are imported, so while most Canadian firms he stoutly opposes quotas "Of the Ori-

ent can produce shirts and blouses as good as ours at a cheaper price we should let them in and get out of the business. Canadian manufacturers should concentrate on other lines as we have and subcontract shirts and blouses to the Orient where labor is 30 cents an hour."

An atheist, Nygrod's life is success, his religion, positive thinking. Invited recently as an old boy to Winnipeg's Glenbow College, he delivered a speech which, except for its verbiage grammar, would have been written by the master self-influencer Dale Carnegie. As for the future, when his first hits the \$100-million mark, the late of films beckons. He's already had discussions with David Scott, Hatch of TV's *Married with Children*, about a production.

Nygrod would be the business and behind the scenes, of course. He couldn't stand still long enough in front of the cameras. Peter Carlyle-George

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Sports

Heading Canadians off at the pass

Quarterback Gerry Dattilio stepped into the gaping void of Montreal's Olympic stadium a marked man. As more than 62,000 fans looked on, Dattilio fumbled with 36 seconds left and the Alouettes lost to the Ottawa Rough Riders 33-18. But it was 35 years earlier that Dattilio committed his original sin. He was born in Canada.

The Canadian Football League rule book has systematically made Canadian quarterbacks a critically endangered species. Dattilio, completing 18 of 29 passes, played only because Montreal's American quarterbacks—Sorey Wade, Joe Hansen and Larry Lawrence—were injured and no emergency replacement could muster the Ais complicated offense in time.

The CFL rules that have taken Canadian quarterbacks to the brink of extinction, would warn any millionaire who's heart isn't set on playing in the CFL only a barefoot could lose. Canadian are called "non-imports." The nine teams are allowed 15 "imports" (a clever device to avoid using the word "Americans") on their 35-man roster, and each team is allowed one "designated import." This hybrid creature is at the centre of a storm brewing over the CFL. If the

designated import replaces an injured or fumbling "non-quarterback," that player cannot go back into the game. But if the designated import goes in for a quarterback, the pass can be alternated without limitation.

Naturally, each team takes advantage of the loophole and carries two American quarterbacks (considered non-players) in exchange for the cash (all Americans) 14 imports. A team foolish enough to carry a Canadian quarterback would be at a disadvantage—short one American.

Dattilio was born in Montreal and played his college ball at Northern Colorado University. He didn't last, anybody out of a position but was a backup wide receiver, backup slot back and played some defensive halfback for Montreal before the Ottawa game. "People were calling him a third or fourth stringer," Tom Willsmore, Edmonton's 12-year veteran from the U.S. observed after watching the game on television, "but that was one fine quarterback who played tonight."

But in the CFL, numbers game, that's not enough. "I know that if Joe (Hansen) or Sorey (Wade) are healthy, I won't be," Dattilio said after almost beating Ottawa. The Canadian ruled day, when Russ Jackson was winning three Schlegel Awards as the league outstanding

Dattilio in action. Take a long look, because you may never see him like again.



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player and Frank Costello was throwing bombs for Toronto and Hamilton, may never come again. This year's class of graduating quarterbacks was among the best ever, yet they're either back on campus or in some other line of work.

Jamie Rose is the prime example and his experience may result in a landmark court decision. The drop-back passer led the University of Western Ontario to the last two Canadian College Bowl championships. This season he was cut by the Hamilton Tiger Cats—without having thrown one pass during his "tryout."

OVO coach Darwin Smolinski has filed an official complaint with the Ontario Human Rights Commission alleging discrimination and violation of the Ontario Human Rights Code with respect to employment on the basis of nationality. The complaint is directed specifically against then-Hamilton Tiger Cat coach Ben Demeroff (since fired), the OVO, and the designated import rule. Smolinski says he was moved to file the complaint when Ti-Cat coach Demeroff said, "There is no way Jamie Rose could play unless they change the rule."

Rose is aware of Demeroff's action, but didn't file himself, as his coach explains. "He was facing a blackball, and you don't speak out against Big Brother." The designated import rule and the 35-man roster are vestiges of a once-justified "bush league" mentality among club owners—indeed still by a chain link fence that rebuffs receivers and defensive backs in the underpaid and zone of Regina's Taylor Field.

The owners, in their mercenary wisdom, sustain the antiquated rule while charging major league prices at time-expanded (Toronto, Ottawa, Regina) and new (Montreal, Edmonton) stadiums. Instead of slightly modifying the designated import rule to open the door to Canadian quarterbacks and increasing salaries to a reasonable and affordable \$8, owners launch their annual airlift of late cuts from the National Football League (treating fans to strangers who don't know the plays at the other players) and hire salaried veterans on the "Tajiri reserve list."

Rose is back playing for the OVO Mustangs and waiting for his hearing to reverse "Duffie." He's looking over his shoulder. "I might have opened a lot of people's eyes and pointed out that maybe Canadians can play quarterback. Maybe they ought to change that stupid rule."

More than anything else, Duffie's example and Rose's case will be as Smolinski puts it, "a test of how Canadians feel about Canadians playing their own game."

Wayne Lukaty/Hal Quinn



Robert Dunn, Account Executive, Wallfax

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Levin Korman
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Education
**Uneasy lies the head
 that wears a gown**



While it may or may not reflect the institution's opinion of the style of Dr. John Evans, the University of Toronto could hardly have chosen a more dissimilar successor than electrical engineer James Milton Hume, 37, who began his tenure as the 10th president of Canada's largest university (with a full-time enrolment of 30,000) this September. Where Evans was introverted, ambitious, autocratic and very much the administrator, Hume is low-key, philosophical and academic. He was, in fact, the preferred candidate of the faculty, who worried one of their own as president. Unlike Evans who seemed to be viewed as a pie-striped professional, the pipe-smoking, casually dressed Hume fits perfectly with the university's tried halls and cloisters. Typically, he does not relish the idea of being in the president's Boardable mansion. He takes the urbane wit that made Evans a bright

spot in the U of T laughter at the same

spot in dull convocation ceremonies, and it would be difficult to imagine him ever running for Parliament in Rose-dale riding (where Evans is the Liberal nominee) or anywhere else.

But Hume's reputation as dean of engineering and then graduate studies was that he is at least as tough as Evans in the heavy going He'll have to be. He takes control of his alma mater as costs are increasing, enrolment is dropping (only slightly—but after a 20-year climb), the faculty is uneasy and the university's role is being questioned from inside and from without. Within days of his appointment Hume was in hot water for saying the university is not about vocation. That's simply not what the public wants to hear as unemployment among graduates continues to rise. But Hume insists his first aim is to

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renew the U of T's commitment to undergraduate education. He will not stress professional courses simply to attract students. "It doesn't really matter what you educate people for, we're going to have unacceptable unemployment levels until the whole economic structure is adjusted. The university must not, on pain of its soul, make everyone a commerce student."

Ham will support the message, already under way, to move back to the system of requiring students to take specific classes, and away from what he bluntly calls the "cafeteria approach" with students free to mix and match their own subjects. "Students can," he adds, "we have descended real standards of literacy in the system and society."

In an era of tightened government financing, Ham plans to encourage one novel source of extra funds—the Invention Foundation that markets the results of U of T research to the private sector. "There is a mistaken notion that the university is an isolated organism and that nothing passes through its enclosing membrane," he says. He might better describe the membrane as one which has sometimes let good ideas slip away. One famous example was the electron microscope, which was developed at the U of T in the late '30s but refused and marketed by RCA in the United States—with no financial feedback to the vanity campus. Some happier examples since then in which the university did retain an interest are Tempco (a drug used in treating alcoholism) and the train atmospheric gas analyzer, a "super sniffer" that can detect anything from hidden drugs to industrial pollutants and diseases in the body.

Ham shares his faculty's concern that the university's stable chamber governing council—lauded as the most progressive system on the continent when the former senate and board of governors were ousted in 1972—has proven something less than a success. Faculty wants much more say in academic matters and Ham agrees. But the new president's toughest future problem will almost inevitably arise over the threat to academia's most sacrosanct tradition—tenure. Once achieved, tenure is a guarantee of lifetime employment, seldom intended so that faculty may express unpopular political or moral views without fear of reprisal. What is a university to do when it finds itself with too many professors, and a shrinking student body and budget? One senior administrative staffer predicts U of T will be forced to cut teaching staff within five years—yet 80 per cent have tenure. All Jim Ham will or can say is "Take every other tenurist in the land, we're going to have to face up to it."

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Environment

Another 'northern vision' is going a little blurry

The northern environment is a hot topic. You say it too hard and it will break.

It is the seventh day of November, 1977, in an overcrowded Knights of Columbus hall in Sioux Lookout, Ontario, an 18-year-old high-school student named Brian Anderson addressed those seated in Supreme Court Justice Patrick Hartt, chairman of Ontario's Royal Commission on the Northern Environment. The truth of young Anderson's message has not diminished, but a good deal else has changed. Mr. Justice Hartt is no longer chairman of the commission. The impartiality of his successor is sorely suspect. The commission itself is floundering—a task force without a task. Most of the original staff have quit. The native people have withdrawn their support. The herds of moose are gone.

The decline and fall of Hartt's commission is particularly troubling, not least because it began with more optimism than a fundamentalist prayer meet. The commission had money (\$16 million in its first year alone), it had staff and it had a mission—to investigate the myriad impacts of life north of the 50th parallel, an area as large (314,000 square miles) as France and roughly as populated (36,000) as the Gobi Desert, and to assess the social and environmental impact of economic development.

Hartt spent 12 weeks in the North last winter and what he saw appalled him—a bleak tapestry of alcoholism and drug addiction, unemployment and economic stagnation, alarming statistics on crimes of violence and general mortality, especially among Indians and Metis. The constant pressure from the North's chambers of commerce was, so far, frightening, a chorus line that latched its heels to the tune of resource development. "I have enough parks now," said the mayor of Dryden, George Rowat. "It's not the work of the people here that a great park with nothing in it goes down the drain."

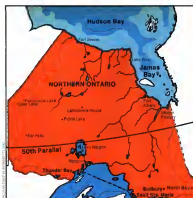
Mayor Rowat may not have been long-scheduled in diplomacy, but his views seem to be representative. And they clash directly with the Indians. "We recognize that development is inevitable," Grand Council Treaty No. 3 Chief John Ratty told the commission. "But we want to participate in the plan-



Fahlgren and (right) some idea of where Ontario's North begins for the taking?

ning and regulation. We want to control our share of it and we want to receive our share of the profits and deficits." A reasonable position, one that the projects proposed for the North—principally a lignite strip mine at Osoyoos, south of Mooseonee and forest harvesting in the vast 60,000 square mile West Falmouth area—were bound to impose or create in varying degrees. As for the smothered concerns that Indian and Metis will be involved in decision-making, the natives can hardly be expected to consent to developments that threaten their culture.

Hartt, 51, former chairman of the federal law reform commission, perceived the dilemmas early on and wanted out. His terms of reference were too broad, the problems too diverse. Indian grievances alone could have occupied his full attention, to say nothing of the outstanding economic, legal and environmental questions raised during 14 public hearings. Hartt's commission was equally handicapped by internal strife. The sharp divisions in staff opinion showed clearly in the commission's interim report, issued last April, a document that steers carefully away from anything approaching a definitive statement. It was really as surprise then, when—after repeated promises to the contrary—Hartt resigned last



month, announcing the chair of a new secretariat that will focus more narrowly on Indian problems.

The man who replaced Patrick Hartt—John Edwin Johnston Fahlgren, 60—is a northerner; it is one of his first assignments for himself. Since 1963, Fahlgren has been president and general manager of Cochrane, Williams Gold Mines, a firm he joined as an accountant and office manager in 1966. His career in mining has been distinguished, and his appointment to the commission, Fahlgren was also president of Wilman Mines, Agnes Mines, Consolidated Marquis Gold Mines, Quebec Explorations, and Coin Lake Gold Mines. Other mining executives resigned his talents by naming him to the board of directors of five other mining companies. The Progressive Conservative party of Ontario acknowledged Fahlgren's many years of loyalty—he is a past president of the Kenora riding association (previously) and the Kenora-Kearney River riding association (currently)—by naming him president of Brudenry Lodge Resorts and the Brudenry Development Co. He has twice been president of the Red Lake Chamber of Commerce and was once elected as that town's Man of the Year.

The thrust of the report the North's borders and mineral resources as a di-

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vice grant of future prosperity, Ed Palgigen's appointment is just another blessing "God gave the natural resources for you to use," the new commissioner believes "He didn't put them there for anything else." Such statements will certainly draw attention at a chamber of commerce luncheon, but the response in Indian communities may be different. Native chiefs in the North have already disoriented themselves from the second phase of the commission's work. Says Grand Council Treaty No. 9 Chief Andrew Richard: "Mr. Palgigen's background is in direct conflict with his new duties. It is ridiculous to consider him a man who can provide solutions. We were not consulted about his appointment. The commission has done its work. It has identified the issues. It should be terminated immediately."

Without the support of two-thirds of the area's population, Palgigen carries on. His formal plans are unknown. He intends to leave the commission's office from mid-June to Toronto to Thunder Bay, a symbolic shift of power if not a real one, and he has committed the first 60 days of his tenure to reviewing what Hertz accomplished; it should not take him that long. He is also considering another set of public hearings. "No no Salomon," he says. "I don't presume to



He'll face many questions, no answers

have sugar alibits. But I have the will and the interest and I don't have any angles. Our progress has depended in part on minerals. Of course, it's their ancestral homeland and we have to respect it as such, but we also have a right to prosper, to prosper and possibly utilize. I have to believe that when two

people can grasp a sense of confidence in each other you can resolve matters."

But Palgigen's premise is unstable, the natives have little confidence in his assurances. "Sure he wants to educate the Indians," says Richard. "First he'll send them to school and then he'll send them into the courts. That is selfishly supported by stupidity."

Whatever Palgigen's skills as a negotiator, there is no doubt that his appointment is meant to appease commercial interests in the North. Indeed, appointment on environmental issues seems to have become government policy below the 60th parallel as well as above—one likely to face fierce Opposition attack. Environmentalists are specifically named by the recent relaxation of pollution control orders against International Nickel's Sudbury refinery and Reed Paper's Dryden pulp and paper mill. It was eight years ago that the ministry of the environment ordered Reed to curb sulphur dioxide emissions. The company was then—and still is—North America's largest single source of the pollutant, puffing 6,000 tons a day into the atmosphere. But the setbacks were graduated and Reed had until next January to reach the final target: 750 tons per day. The new ministry ruling will permit the firm to continue emissions at the current rate—3,000

tons a day—for five more years.

Two spokesmen and Queen's Park apologists insist the 750-ton goal was unworkable from the start—especially because it would have cost at least \$1 billion and technically (because the control equipment is still approved). The crude under-text of this argument is that funds expended on pollution control are funds that cannot be expended on jobs—a threat that holds some sway in the Bill Davis cabinet. But critics of the ruling, including federations of Ontario cottagers (1.1 million southerners and northerners combined), insist Reed should have diverted investment funds from abroad (Guatemala, Indonesia and the U.S.) into pollution control. "Reed," notes John Swenson, counsel to the Canadian Environmental Law Association, "in the long run, environmental protection generally creates more jobs than it loses. The final answer is that the economic costs of not defending the environment far outweigh the costs of defending it."

Reed might not agree. The company was also facing a 1979 deadline to halt the flow of up to 38 million gallons of untreated effluent into the English-Wabigoon River, an estuary already technically dead from the toxic mercury Reed dumped into it before 1979. Now, ministry officials have granted Reed at least a two-year extension. (It may be extended indefinitely if Reed's corporate problems continue. After suffering losses of \$60.5 million last year, Reed's parent company—Reed International of London—is eager to sell its Canadian operation.)

"By not sleeping down," says Ontario Liberal leader Stuart Smith, "the Tories are effectively telling every other board of directors that if they spend money on pollution control instead of profits they ought to have their heads examined." Whatever their ultimate effect on government policy, the Opposition's clamour at least elicited a response—the de facto firing of Environment Minister George McGee. Only eight months after he assumed office, McGee was demoted in last month's cabinet shuffle to the relatively junior management board portfolio.

Still, for environmentalists, the Reed/Reed decisions and the emergence of Tory lawyer Swenson, "not just for environmental groups but for the environment. I think we're going to lose resources that are irreplaceable." Lured by potential cash flows, the North's commercial interests are willing to tap even nonrenewable resources. But, as Brian Anderson acknowledges, the North is a fragile entity: its future will depend on how hard it is tapped.

Michael Posner

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Leonard Cohen says that to all the girls

By Barbara Amiel

When he opened up his guitar case in Jerusalem there were still a few traces of "maize powder" in it. "Well," said poet-singer Leonard Cohen to his band, "shall we take our last ride to the moon?" As he came on stage that warm July night in 1994 Cohen felt the shock of the acid rain through his system. He held up his guitar to stream the opening to his song *Amazing Grace*. The words came out soft and easy. "I stepped into an ambulance," he covered up my soul," Cohen stopped. The lights dimmed with Israeli music changing in front of him, shifting into the blues of a man. "It was one huge Jew," says

Cohen. "I couldn't get on. There I was standing on the platform clutching my guitar and singing about my little insular to the eternal Jew who had seen everything and suffered all. I left the stage and asked the manager to give them back their money. There's nothing I can tell that Jew," I told him."

He was wrong, of course. Cohen's great strength is his lyric poetry in his ability to take "my little troubles" and turn them into something approaching universal pain and ecstasy. This month in his new book *Death of a Lady's Man* Cohen weighs in once again with his story of lost love and artistic tragedy. It's a story that first surfaced publicly in the mid-'80s when Cohen emerged as a media figure.

By then he had published four books of poetry including *The Spice-Box of Earth*, *Flowers for Hitler* and *Pureness of Heart* (Macmillan/McGraw-Hill). The *Favourite Game*, *Shards*, and *Let Us Love* (Farrar) his best.

Cohen, the intense, balding Marianne (left) and the current Suzanne (below) reports of the lady's man's death have, needless to say, been greatly exaggerated.

work dovetailed with the Western world's newly discovered arabs and sexual angst. Write novelist Stephen Vincent in a review of *Spice-Box*. "I know as one-poet or otherwise—who has given as compelling an account of the individual's lot in the arid, sparsely metropolises."

Cohen's career took a new jet when, one day in the summer of 1967 in a suite in Toronto's King Edward Hotel, Cohen sat on a sagging couch composing tunes on a mouth organ. In between he tried singing his poems to a friend. In an



bedroom, visible through an open door, a naked couple twisted and moaned through the songs, their concentration on Leonard's music and their own rhythms clearly affected by mid-discuss answers of cocaine and marijuana. Cohen chose to interpret their scenes poetically. "I think I'm going to record myself singing my poems," he said. His friend reacted at the sound of Cohen's nasal voice. "Please don't," she replied. The admission showed much empathy since he lacked all commercial judgment. In 1967 Cohen released his first album, *Songs of Leonard Cohen*, and a cult of international dimensions was

established. Today his books can be read in 11 languages; his books are over two million volumes and record sales are around the 90-million mark. His selected poems sold 700,000 copies in the United States alone. "A phenomenal sale for a book of poetry," says Viking Press President Thomas Ginsburg.

A two-year delay before the publication of *Death of a Lady's Man* occasioned speculation about the withholding of Cohen's talent, until the title generated much talk about the possibility of what some view as Cohen's career as a fearless plagiarist. "Death

of a Lady's Man" spent Christmas Eve month and went on to suggest that Cohen's forthcoming book may mean rejection of his former writings. "Whatever the critical reaction to the new book, an advance look certainly indicates no deterioration of Cohen's work—bonds the usual pseudo-psychology of minor interest, it contains a number of perfectly executed and trenchant lyrics about the breakdown of his marriage; my claim that Leonard is a male chauvinist among those men and women close to him. In fact, Cohen illustrates the paradox of the Chaucerian: when it comes down to

The man she wanted all her life was hanging by a thread. "I never even knew how much I wanted you," she said. His muscles they were numbered and his style was obsolete. "Oh baby, I have come too late." She knelt beside his feet.

the gritty-gritty of male-female politics which Cohen sang about, written about and lived, it is not Leonard who has taken the ladies for a ride but the ladies who have more often taken Leonard. In the parlance of the Old Producers Leonard has Don Juan in a track.

The time: July 1, 1978, 7 a.m. The scene: the nursery of the Cohen house in Montreal. The children, Adam Nathan Cohen, 3, and Aaron Sarah Cohen, 3, are asleep. The phone rings. Their babysitter arrives in the operator, puts the receiver on a table and snatching a wrap runs out of the house to the studio around the corner at 28 Rue Valaire where father Leonard Cohen comes to the door. "Shaaaaa," says the babysitter.

Suzanne Rivest, 29, better known since making the Canadian poet in 1968 as Mrs. Leonard Cohen (though they've never been legally married), mother of Cohen's two children and a female of conspicuously sultry beauty and appetites, was on the phone from the Greek island of Hydra making the one telephone call the police would permit her. Separated from Cohen, 44, for the past six months, Suzanne's engagement of younger men and their rituals had become something of a sore point with her tradition-based village neighbors on Hydra who loved Leonard and were protective of him—according to their own lights. There on the white-washed walls of Leonard's old house, Suzanne had hung erotic woodcuts beside religious ones. Next to pictures of the saints, prints of Eastern rituals involving exaggerated and enthusiastic female rights

(Interviewed from Book of a Lady's Man; all rights reserved. The Canadian Publishers: McClelland and Stewart, Toronto.)

Cohen in concert and at a stand, and his wife in the music she made over when women have power



while to be a rather steady-looking set. Giovanni Casanova de Seneville was accurately depicted in Cohen's film by an actor David Richardson with revealing hairline, unassuming features and well-kept gut. In this one aspect Cohen differs from the legendary lovers Leonard is cited. Kind-thin from moderation and fasting at a Zen center on California's Mount Baldy (says Cohen "Meditation cleans the intestines and the mind") has tanned torso slips neatly along the streets of Montreal. The porcelain-skinned girls who brush next to him in the sticky atmosphere of after-hours clubs like Star Magazine (with a backless woman like Roseanne Katin—the Beautiful Losers) gaze into his thick-lashed head eyes apparently responding to a face on which the experience of the world are writ manifest in deep furtive lines rising systematically next to his curved nose.

But it is not looks at all. A thousand other men share Cohen's thin frame and aquiline nose. What is fact the women are responsive to is the quality Cohen shares with the original Don Juan. The open-sequence to a woman's heart is easy though elusive—like it is genuine seduction. One or two females may be turned on by a companion, a few more by a stare or a stud. But virtually all women find genuine interest in their lives. Eugene's wife, Suzanne Rivest, Cohen's closest friend and widely believed to have inspired the

character of Kratoch in *The Power of Love*. "Leonard treats women in gentility, he's such a perfect host, that each can always find very special to Leonard." Confirms Suzanne friend and next-door neighbor Janet. Paul. "No matter what time they knock on his door or who they are, Leonard's never turns anyone away. He always has a cup of coffee, a few dollars and time to help some stray lady find a place to stay." The next-door neighbor, Suzanne, with Suzanne's one that suits him dear it is not desire. Like some winged bull of a mythical herd he wants to pull all eyes under the shadow of his protective self. "Good," he says in the rainy night of August 19 in Montreal's Hotel's Steak House as two bent-legged, tarted-up and disheveled girls enter in. "Look how

privately and beautifully they hold themselves. Isn't that lovely." Sitting one evening last winter in Toronto's Courtlandt two young girls play. Muttar amuse while patrons eat. Cohen watches the long-haired girl playing the flute. Her fingers, pale and child, rest along the woodwind's stem. He calls the waiter. "Send the girls playing the music two of your best bottles of wine," he says. The bottles selected cost nearly \$130 each. Cohen calls the waiter back. "And don't tell them who sent it. Just tell them they look lovely."

His commitment begins in high school. He fell in love with the girl down the street who was about to be married. Eugene Cohen. "After one messy summer night in the back gardens of

He offered her an orgy in a many-mirrored room; he persuaded her protection for the muse of her work. She moved her body hard against a sharpened metal spoon, she stepped the bloody rituals of passage in the moon.

Wasteland she was no longer engaged. "But when a 19-year-old Leonard refused to formally marry her she left for England and an older man of some wealth. A year later Leonard turned up in London, knocking the storm where he got. Cohen had lived. Her needs he waited. At last, one day the same toward him, pushing a glass. Her long blonde hair and aquiline features brushed past Cohen. "Hello, Leonard," she said and was gone. He was devastated. He would have been ready to offer her everything, except of course identity. For Suzanne was not a woman's lover out of jail, stand on the street far

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his months to make a glimpse of childhood. He is unable to give exclusive rights to his bed. In his own terms he is not unfaithful to anyone because he cares for them all.

Still, in the early years before popular status, Leonard seemed to have little to offer women but himself and the

The last time that I saw him
he was trying hard to get
a woman's education
but he's not a woman yet.
And the last time that I saw her
she was living with a boy
who gives her soul an empty room
and gives her body joy.

(always remote) possibility of immortality in a poem. He grew up in a modest, middle-class home in Westmount and though he wanted for nothing, there was some of the high living associated with the stone walls and badges of establishment Montreal. His father died when he was six and, besides the family's deep commitment to the principles of conservative Judaism and wartime patriotism focused on excessive concern with making money and so Leonard's ladies had to content themselves with poetry and the somewhat general promise of Leonard.

There was Marieme, Norwegian, blonde, with a young son from another liaison, who met Leonard in 1968 and climbed the slippery streets of Montreal to live with Cohen in a bare white room on Pine Street. Suzanne (the First), was the gypsy wife of Quebec sculptor Armand Vaillancourt who became the Suzanne of Leonard's best-known song "We were never lovers," reminisces Cohen, "but she gave me Constant Constant as in a small moment of magic." Aileen, Nancy, Bianca—three names dotted his poetry and their being given him the sweet burden of love he needed.

Lots of Cohen women are not simply the stuff of gossip columns. Behind the troubadour's songs comes the troubadour and he can't be expected to strum his lute then return at the stroke of five to cut the grass while his wife bakes a meat loaf in their Westinghouse kitchen. Says Cohen: "The troubadour's essence is to roam." It is the reality of his vendors behind his nasal twang that makes Cohen's characters so strong. His love lyrics, like most fine lyrical poetry, make emotional rather than intellectual sense. They ought not to be analyzed. Like *Mona Lisa* under the rockifying glass, the magic would dissolve into a thousand cracks.

For two years while Cohen's mother lay dying of cancer in Montreal and Suzanne was in Leonard's words, "off to find herself at first-class hotel rooms," Cohen seemed to vanish from the pay-

ment. He cancelled a promotion tour for his latest album because of his mother's illness. His manuscript for *Death of a Lady's Man* was postponed and then rewritten to mirror the struggle with Suzanne. "She's the mother of my children, a good mother to them," says Cohen. "And whether or not we continue to live apart this will always be our marriage." His mind goes back to the day he first saw her when she was staying at New York's Plaza Hotel supported by a wealthy industrialist. "God, whenever I see her now, I forget every pain that's gone between us."

Unlike a rolling stone Leonard will



Cohen on his balcony. Word of Cohen's love life is very, very few men.

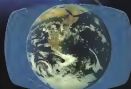
continue to gather moss. There are the cheques to Marieme "to help her out because she's a fine lady," the payments to support Suzanne, the children and smooth over whatever Suzanne's latest contrivance may be. In the semi-detached house Leonard's mother willed to him, a sweet moon-faced girl lives with her illegitimate baby who thanks Leonard in her father. (He isn't, but her real father is already married to two other women.) "I ought to sell the house," says Leonard, "but where will she go?" And then there are all the women to come, the young girls with soft liquid eyes and warm voices who need help or shelter and will give Leonard, in return, more poetry. It's planning a new record now and in his room on Rue Vallière he sings some of his lyrics to a fragile beauty named Constantine who wants Leonard's advice on setting up a show of her photography.

"I've never seen your eyes so wide / Your appetite gave the song." The troubadour plays his instrument, Don Juan climbs his ladder and The Trick reaches for his wallet. The ladies' man is alive and well.

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CBC TELEVISION

The tortoise and the hare

But soft, what light in yonder window shows? It screened the full-page ad insert in the April 3 premiere edition of *The Edmonton Sun*. The persistent ad, inserted by the rival *Edmonton Journal*, resurrected the tabloid *Toronto Sun's* very first headline—"A \$50-Million Gamble"—splashing it over a backhanded wish that *Toronto Sun* publisher Doug Creighton and staff would have "a nice visit to our city." *Sun* staffers were at first incensed and then amused by the welcome. "If they want to make ads of themselves, the whole world might just as well know about it," shrugged ad manager Bill Hunter. After all, he said, *voilà*, from the *Edmonton Sun's* first editorial: "We intend to be cheeky, irreverent, estranged, on guard (always) for democracy and champions of the little man (and woman)." As in *Toronto*, where the *Sun* took outrageous delight in twisting the opposition *Star* and *Globe and Mail*, the new kid on the block was game for a fight.

Many newspaper watchers predicted a short battle. "They won't last three months," scoffed a senior *Edmonton* executive. In five months and change, the *Sun* has hardly knocked off the *Journal* (circulation, 180,000), but neither has the *Journal* relinquished the spotlight. Though beleaguered by printing problems, late deliveries, and recent dismissals in the newsroom, the *Sun* does not seem successfully thus in its most optimistic backers had hoped—*The Toronto*

Sun is more its *Edmonton* operation will start turning a profit by the last half of 1979. With a staff of 750, the paper had expected to hire only 50—and a circulation averaging 25,000 daily and 40,000 on Sundays, the *Sun* is matching Alberta's other morning tabloid, the *Calgary Herald* (which switched profitably to tabloid format in February, 1977, after many years of standard size). *Journal* brass, including publisher Patrick O'Callaghan, are insisting to anyone who'll listen that the newspaper hasn't hurt a bit. *Sun* Managing Editor Jim Peters just smiles and suggests: "We're sure as hell hurting someone."

On the surface, the *Edmonton Sun* is a virtual clone of its *Toronto* parent—it relies heavily on *Toronto* columnists (Paul Rinzler, Labor J. Wink, Doug Fisher), *Suzanne Bagnall* and *Globe*, and *Toronto* features, and the editor, Ken Collier, is a former *Sun* columnist. "We're not so sensational," says Peters. "The market here wouldn't bear it." Maybe not, but the *Sun* is still the most flamboyant newspaper ever to hit Alberta and the tabloid approach seems to be fascinating *Edmonton*. A gaudy and pathosful jolt aside that would have been lost on the back page of the *Journal* made spectacular front-page headlines in the *Sun* for five days in a row, and morphed into a political issue that was hotly debated in the legislature. The *Sun* also launched an exhaustive campaign against *Edmonton* racism, leveled a conflict of interest

charge at Alderman John Norris, and tried to stir the long-end rivalry between *Edmonton* and *Calgary*. The *Journal* is battling back. When city aldermen veiled themselves a 60-per-cent pay raise, the *Journal* attacked with *Sun*-like fervor and took the city to court, winning a "court victory for democracy" when council was forced to rescind the raise.

It is more action than *Edmonton* newspaper readers have ever seen. For 27 years, the *Edmonton Journal* editor-in-chief the *Journal* newspaper advertising market in town, during the quarter-century, says one staffer, as "the dullest, dullest cat out newspaper in the country."

The *Sun's* style hasn't entirely jelled yet. There's a gaudy glow over the paper because some staffers want more sensationalism while others want precision married to responsibility—a conflict of interest perpetually haunting tabloid-style papers. With the first flush of being part of something new, new post, reporters and copy editors tell of approving polarization of the two philosophies, grumble that publisher Bill Bagshaw—a former assistant manager of a radio station—has no grip of the situation, and that Collier is out of his depth as editor and can't make a decision.

Mechanical problems should be solved in October with the opening of the *Sun's* new 20-million printing plant. Meanwhile, despite interrupted deliveries, reader loyalty continues to build. "One woman who missed a delivery called me at home at 10 p.m. on a Friday," says Bagshaw. "I explained our problem and she was understanding, but she said, 'I still want my *Sun*.' I sent her one in a cab. She deserved it."

Don McLaughlin/Saskatoon Star

The "Journal" and its publisher O'Callaghan, the *Sun* and (below) Rinzler, Peters and publisher Bagshaw same day, same story, some difference



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Adventures

One secret that the sea may have to give up



When the H.M.S. Breadalbane hit ice near Bentley Island in the Canadian Arctic on August 21, 1983, it vanished in less than 15 minutes, leaving the crew members barely enough time to scramble onto the ice where they were picked up by a water ship, the Phoenix. "The shipwrecked men are all anxious to get home," wrote crewman D. H. Pavlicevic. "Their pay ceases the day the vessel is lost." A tragedy ship, it was one of more than 40 vessels sent out to seek fragments of the Erebus and the Terrence, the similarly lost ships of Sir John Franklin, whose quest for the Northwest Passage ended somewhere on the ocean floor near King William Island in the late 1840s.

On August 20, however, just a day before the 150th anniversary of the Breadalbane sinking, a small team of Canadian explorers found what they believe to be the shipwreck—the first ever discovered north of the Arctic Circle. The expedition was led by Joseph MacInnis, a Toronto doctor/diver who has pioneered the underwater exploration of Canada's North with more than half a dozen Arctic diving expeditions.

MacInnis left for Bentley Island on August 15 with Phil Nuytten and Doug Ripley of Out-Dive Consulting, photographers/consultants Rod Mann and Bruce Goodwin (shooting film for an hour television documentary on Franklin's last voyage) and Jeff MacInnis' 15-year-old son. Their Twin Otter dropped them on Bechoy Island in conditions which must have been like those that crushed the Breadalbane. Grinding, wind-driven ice filled the bay,

Arctic's rendering of the Breadalbane going down, with the Phoenix (left) to the rescue. Sillip in the (right) ship

trapping the team on shore for three days. Finally, on August 20, it broke enough to let Nuytten, Ripley and Jeff MacInnis climb into a rubber boat and begin the search sweep of the bay. Late that afternoon, they picked up a hot spot 120 feet deep—the only sonar target they found—though over the next three days they managed to cover about 70 per cent of the search area. The single sonar target bore fruit. After looking at the data, some experts are 90 per cent sure it's a shipwreck, and MacInnis is certain it's the Breadalbane—he's already planning a further expedition next spring. Operating from thick spring ice, he'll send a camera down, possibly followed by divers. "If the icebergs haven't got her," says MacInnis, "she could be in really outstanding condition. In the cold Arctic waters, even the personal belongings of the dead sailors may still be intact."

The August expedition was conducted in the same way as most of MacInnis' adventures—on a shoestring budget (\$12,000), supplemented by the donation of services and the volunteer labor of divers as passionate about the Arctic as MacInnis. The history of the Arctic Ocean is, says MacInnis, "a forgotten part of the Canadian adventure. And yet these men and their ships were pined against the world's most hostile environment. Their courage, abilities and skill are a significant part of the national heritage." Lynda Dotte



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You
deserve a
Dewar's

Health

A sin of the mother is visited upon the child

Jenny Pike, a 37-year-old Toronto nurse, was pregnant and still smoking a pack of cigarettes a day. She knew vaguely that her smoking might cause her baby to be smaller than average, but was confident that there would be no other significant ill effects on the fetus. Then, in her seventh month, she began attending prenatal classes and found out that her smoking could even kill her unborn child. The guilt and anxiety she felt until the moment she delivered a baby that happily was alive and normal made the last two months of her pregnancy the most unpleasant of her life. And yet she didn't give up smoking: "It made me angry rather than positive about quitting."

The experience of Jenny Pike—not her real name—is not unusual. Thousands of Canadian women may be suffering irreversible damage on their unborn children for no reason other than ignorance. If nothing else, the case of Jenny Pike clearly illustrates the wall that exists between academic knowledge and its translation into public information that could prevent disease and disability.

While the relation of smoking to cancer and the circulatory diseases has become well known, little has been said publicly about the damage smoking may do to the unborn. Yet medical literature is filled with studies that prove that smoking during pregnancy hurls the development of the fetus. As early as 1907, British obstetrician Dr. Wences Simpson published her original finding that babies born to women who smoke during pregnancy weigh less than the average six to eight ounces at birth than do newborns of nonsmokers—and more alarming reports have followed. According to the *New England Journal of Medicine*, the risk of spontaneous abortion in smoking women is almost double that of nonsmokers and the babies of mothers who smoke throughout pregnancy are 88 per cent more likely to be stillborn or to die soon after birth. Respiratory illness is more common in newborns of mothers who smoke during pregnancy and congenital malformations have been attributed to smoking as well.

The deleterious effects of smoking nicotine is slow to show up after birth. Studies conducted in Britain and at the University of British Columbia (involving several thousand cases in Britain



and more than 500 in Canada, as reported in the *British Journal of Preventive and Social Medicine* and the *Canadian Journal of Public Health*) followed the development of children born to women who smoked during pregnancy from birth to 15 years. Not only were they a half inch shorter on the average, but they were between three and five months behind in reading, mathematics and general ability, compared with the children of mothers who did not smoke.

Scientists, reporting in *The Lancet*, speculate that the two main culprits responsible for stillbirths and neonatal distress are nicotine and carbon monoxide, both part of tobacco smoke. Nicotine can actually reduce fetal breathing movements, in addition to causing the death of cells around the edges of the placenta. The placenta may then break away from the uterus wall, cutting off the baby's supply of food and oxygen. Abruptio placentae, as the phenomenon is known, is the second leading cause of

death of unborn and newborn infants in Canada. Carbon monoxide is no less destructive. Since it combines with the mother's red blood cells 200 times more readily than does oxygen, the amount of oxygenated blood to the fetus is seriously diminished—by as much as 60 per cent if the mother smokes two packs of cigarettes a day.

The hazards of such disruptions of prenatal development can only be assessed alongside the smoking habits of Canadian women at childbearing age. Approximately one-third of all women 15 to 44 years of age now smoke—and the percentages are climbing. There has been an increase in smoking among girls 15 to 19, from 88 per cent in 1966 to almost 90 per cent in 1974. Two years later a survey conducted in Metropolitan Toronto showed that 49 per cent of teen-aged girls were smokers, as well as almost 42 per cent of adult women.

Until last year no campaign was ever mounted in Canada to warn women of

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The much copied OM-1. The much envied OM-2.

special dangers of smoking while pregnant. According to the *British Journal of Preventive and Social Medicine*, it is now believed that even if women stop smoking by the 20th week of pregnancy they can circumvent some of the ill effects. A \$32,000 smoking and prenatal education study, funded by Health and Welfare Canada, is now being conducted by the department of health administration at the University of Toronto. Its aim is to teach women attending prenatal courses. As indicated by nurse Jeany Pike, who stubbornly refused to quit smoking even when told it might hurt her child, the study has found that its task is much more complex than merely conveying information. Health-care professionals are often reluctant to confront the smoking issue with women already in their seventh month when they begin to attend prenatal classes. Sharon Tropp, who has instructed over 500 public health nurses and prenatal education teachers on the subject, says, "They're so used to reassuring and giving support to expectant mothers that telling them they are doing something that might harm their baby is out of character—they feel very uncomfortable."

Half the women surveyed in the new program said that at an even more crucial time, the beginnings of pregnancy, their doctors hadn't asked them if they smoked. "It's not that doctors aren't concerned," says Dr. Robert Langford, associate professor of community health at U of T, "but they have to be thinking about so many other things conveying information about proper nutrition, monitoring weight gain, warning about the harm of taking drugs and alcohol. It's easy to understand why a doctor might think, 'I wouldn't be able to influence this woman's smoking behaviour, I'd just make her anxious.'"

Some idea as to why it is so difficult to persuade even pregnant women to stop smoking has been suggested by a 1976 study conducted in England by scientists at the University of York during a wide-scale campaign against smoking during pregnancy. A cigarette is more than just a smoke. It turned out women are nervous to take a break from everything that is going on around them. The study also revealed that women don't put much store by what they learn from such impersonal sources as mass media and prenatal classes. Information received from friends or relatives was much more readily accepted. Read one mother, "Well I smoke and they say you shouldn't. But our Paul was eight and a half pounds and he's never backward. If they could definitely prove it then I'd do something. But it's just facts, so we've passed it." The sickle-shaped Sharon Tropp answers, "You were lucky."

Brenda Robinson



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But how will they teach little girls to write their names in the snow?

By Barbara Amiel

It is useful to have one's smallest actions put in perspective. Recently after a moment of conscious bliss I looked at my husband's hands lying next to mine. Tenderly I held them up and compared them to my own. His hands are masculine and the backs of them even boast a few jagged hairs (his fingertips, that is, and his forearms, are not ornamented with Haidt's Finger Brand Poppy Seed No. 4). I concluded that his were obviously male hands whereas mine had a beguiling touch of femininity that I know that in reaching this conclusion I had contrived one of the basic edicts of the Ontario ministry of education.

Here, children take pictures of men and women. Compare with photographs used in comic-books. Have students discuss their feelings in relation to stereotypical images of male/female hands/feet.

I had done it again. On the basis of a few stereotypical notions and a cascade of hair I had jumped to the conclusion that my husband's hand belonged to a male. Horrified at the predictability of my stereotyped mind I settled down to purge my brain with the aid of the 88-page Ontario ministry of education booklet wondrously titled *Sex-Role Stereotyping and Women's Studies*. It had been deposited on my desk in August in plenty of time for the Ontario 26-36 seminar on the subject sponsored by the ministry and the Ontario Association for Curriculum Development.

There is evidence indicating that sex roles are largely the result of social conditioning. Of course. Why, in a state of nature, free of societal conditioning, male girls have never dreamt of changing their shirts and herding their females around. On the contrary, they feed themselves to their young and then wash the dishes.

Both males and females are conditioned by their respective stereotypes because the need for successful approval makes the

crossing of role boundaries extremely difficult.

Yes. This must have played havoc with the ambitions of Catherine the Great or Loretta Braganza. It's sure as hell holding me back, too.

When speaking of animals as using pictures of their, encourage children to understand that there are both female and male animals, and that both may be involved in action behaviour.

Right on. No more prissy teddy bears with smooth bottoms, please. Let's see



these parts and let's see them in action. In the search collection, include materials that show women and men, girls and boys, and animals in a non-stereotyped fashion.

About time. The kids have got to see more menageries male rabbits washing dishes.

Made every effort to avoid comments such as "Nice girl" and "Big boy" should be...

Absolutely. We should stop encouraging (a) girls to be nice, and (b) boys to be big. The future in Ontario belongs to little boys and nasty girls.

Don't stand near the (feminine) sewage without identifying the sex of the authors. Have the children guess whether the author is a boy or a girl, encourage them to support their answers with reasons.

Yup, that's the way to get little buggers. If they guess correctly and give a solid reason for it, whip 'em

None children what a poem or a story that they like. Let them re-enact the story or poem but have the boys and girls change parts.

Well now, that sounds a bit extreme. Does the minister mean literally... or is it just that Little Red Riding Hood should act the wolf? Or should Little Red Riding Hood be a boy and the wolf a girl? Or should the wolf simply do the dishes?

Reverse the lyrics of a song, eliminating the sex-role stereotypes of the original, e.g. You're Having My Baby (Paul Anka), The Girl That I Marry (Frank Sinatra).

Go, that's easy, but it doesn't make much sense. Oh well, the minister knows best.

If necessary rhymed, are the boys having more fun, doing more interesting things?

You bet. Naughty Dumpty is sitting on a wall about to go down in history. He should be made to wash the dishes.

Read aloud or have students recount traditional fairy tales such as Sleeping Beauty, Cinderella etc. Who is in a need of rescue? Who inevitably comes to the rescue?

Right on. Instead of rescuing Cinderella, Prince

Charming should advise her to report her grievances against her stepmother to the Ontario Human Rights Commission. Then he should go wash the dishes.

Role Playing. Mother as artist. The part of mother should be played by both boys and girls. Mother is at home, she is...

...in a better (yes) to squeeze out a few pennies. She is unemployed, time and time again, the father comes home from work, a door-to-door salesperson knocks at the door, groaning calls us for a chat, a dog or a cat needs to be fed or let out. Mother deals with all these things, sometimes successfully, sometimes not.

You mean, sometimes Mother feeds the salesperson, lets granny eat, and chats with the dog? Poor Mom. What a chain of horrors. Of course male writers' wives never come home, their grandmothers are male, salespersons avoid them like the plague, and their dogs are born without a bladder. It is an unfair world and the minister ought to do something

FILMS

Reeling (and dealing) in the Cannes style

The history of film festivals is one of bold boosterism. The huge annual event at Cannes was started primarily as a tourist promotion in the off-season of that lovely Riviera resort. Moussini launched the Venice festival as a Fascist showcase, and Berlin's competition was established to polish the city's post-war image.

In the wake of Montreal's second World Film Festival, which ended Sept. 8 with a somewhat ad-hoc but carefully scored awards ceremony (top prize, the Grand Prix des Amériques, went to a made-for-TV movie biography of the primitive painter Jacques), complaints were heard that the main boost provided by this festival was going to the ops of its founder-president, Serge Losique. "Megalomania," "Little Napoleon," and "a French Dudley Do-Right" were not his kindest descriptions. He could be perfectly reasonable in festival participation by day, but they were sure to find a beaming Losique pumping hands and pounding backs at nighttime parties and receptions.

Still, the self-inflation was not entirely undeserved. Last year, proposing to raise a cinematic Phoenix on the decade-old ashes of the Montreal International Film Festival (which died in 1967, at the height of its prestige, from territorial intestine politics), Losique provided a grandiose World Festival—and despite widespread cynicism, delivered on most of his promises. The announced films were shown of some times under terrible conditions, the invited stars appeared, and the major Hollywood studios—chided the previous

year for ignoring Canada at the Toronto Festival of Festivals—politely sent several countries to the Montreal festival's industry conference.

This year's events corrected most of the mistakes of 1977: by concentrating all showings in the five-screen Le Forum theatre, but Losique could do nothing to alter the logistical nightmares caused by the hot Canada strike; the festival's \$400,000 budget may have to be covered by an estimated \$80,000 to cover extra transportation costs.

By most standards of festival judgment, however, this year's event was a success. The quality of the 40 films in competition (not of its features as new) was superb, perhaps because festival regulations demanded world premieres, and a couple of jury members—Alan Dineen, and Charles Chaplin of The Los Angeles Times—spontaneously doubted that new entries had been screened by the festival's selectors. But most of the premieres were popular choices: bevy Jacques, jury prizes went to a very Hungarian satire on bureaucracy (*On Not Seen Out the Window*), and a Spanish historical epic (*The Burning City*). Gisela Jackson won the best actress award for her tour-de-force performance, a portrait of the British poet Sylvia Plath, a little-known Italian actor as Franco, was named best actor as Losique, and producer-director Ralph Thomas's *Tyler*, a fairly made-for-TV film about the misadventures of a young would-be farm-owner in Ontario,

Dineen and Savard at Reginald's cabaret.



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ven the international critics' prize for best Canadian feature.

Now were glamour and business neglected. The festival's social season got off to a bang when Montreal movie mogul Harold Greenberg hosted 1,500 festival goers to a "black party" on the set of his \$5.5-million disaster epic, *City on Fire*, and had demolition experts blow up a Volkswagen for their entertainment. The doctored coast was even higher a couple of nights later when 400 beautiful people crowded into a "silver-and-white" party at Riggs's disco. They all came to dance with Delon or Camille Lenoir, but found the stars being misapprehended by current and former cabaret regulars—Susan Stuart ("I love this place, I came here all the time"), Hugh Packer and Jean-Pierre Goyer. Indeed film industry officials from provincial and federal governments are pleased with their investments. They were willing to foot the festival's bills so long as the marquee attracts foreign buyers and sellers. As has already happened in Cannes, the Montreal festival's commercial tail is beginning to wag its artistic dog. **Martin Malina**

In dispraise of 'Older Women'

IN PRaise OF OLDER WOMEN
Directed by George Kaczmarek

WAS there ever a better movie title, or one that raised greater expectations? The greatest expectations of all will surely be held by the millions who've read Stephen Vincent's book and will look for—rather, demand—at least some of the qualities that made the 1965 novel such a pleasure: style, wit, intelligence, charm. George Kaczmarek's film from Paul Gentile's screenplay substitutes instead a facile good home misadventure as worldliness, and the result is no more than elegantly photographed (by Milton Lasko) soft-core porn. Very soft.

It stays close enough to the book in the main story. At the close of World War II, shunted between Hungary and Austria, Andria Vajda is plugging for the liberating Americans; he has his sexual initiation at the hands of a generous former courtesan, one of his clients. They must do things younger in Hungary since Andria is only 12, and the courtesan has effectively ruined him for the next few years. His fiancée is seduced in high school age. "Trying to make love with someone who is as confused and unskilled as you are," he explains, "seems to me about as senseless as learning to drive with a person who doesn't know the first thing about cars either." Andria thereafter concentrates on older women, emigrates to Canada after the 1956 Hungarian revolution,



Alexandra Stewart: The fabulous forlorn

and on the set of a middle-class Canadian housewife's ultimate culture shock—discovers the end of his youth.

Whereas the book traced Andria's development and grew it through each encounter, the film gives us only a series of sexual gropings in which we see and hear a variety of simulated and unconvincing female orgasms (though never a one—such is the curious obsession of the genre—from Andria). Vincent's lens really came for his woman, the movie gives us only a lifetime's lust, so that some of the copulations, all of them detestably matter-of-fact, matters any more or less than another.

The film is not helped by Tim Berenger, the 37-year-old New Yorker who plays Andria with singular lack of expression and charm; a remarkably unimpressive performance. Matters are worsened by the fact that with two principal exceptions the women (among

them Karen Black, Helen Shaver, Louise Lasser, even Marilyn Lightstone) would all be Berenger's costar-pieces. The exception are the magnificent Alexandra Stewart, who plays forlorn Paula brought to a shattering climax by methods in which she will benefit if he speedily is sentenced, and Susan Browning, who plays Debbie, the hapless victim, with a dark-edged anomaly the rest of the film sorely needs. Both are 40-ish. For the rest, the second half of *In Praise of Older Women* is thus, on several counts, it just isn't.

David Cobb

Recommendation for mercy killing

I MISS YOU HUGS AND KISSES
Directed by Murray Markovitz

The names have been changed in Murray Markovitz's thinly veiled account of the sensational 1970 murder of Christine Desmet, a movie not so much concerned with exonerating her husband, Peter (implicated for life for hiring unknown killers), as it is with learn-

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Pike in prison: They all done him wrong

ing at earnings with credulous glee. In-melancholic earnest diagnoses itself as so-little-for-an-innocent-man (last time out, in *Recommendation for Mercy*, Steven Seagal was the excuse for Markovitz's soybean). Near the end of what has been generously termed a movie, we relays of the crime pasting the unknown killers Christine, now Magdalena (Elke Sommer), is bludgeoned to death by the suspects, over and over, pools of blood seeping from her head. Over and over. And to manage the overkill in matters of this kind, there's also a brutally gratuitous rape and murder of a young girl. *Rage and Riot* is far more serious of itself movies who can't get the real thing.

Demeter, now called Krutchen (Dennis Pilon), is seen as a saint of sorts, a poor innocent who made good and, once forgiven, does nothing but conspire because he's rich. This Mithraicness toward him, you see, concentrates Markovitz's soybean into the soybean. Krutchen's old friend (Chuck Shumate) turns traitor, only Krutchen's mistress (Gloria Gifford) in support. Magdalena-Christine is pure Sisk. City. Now isn't such a man to be pitied?

Everything—Markovitz's direction and script (in relation to the best-selling *By Pardon Delusion*), the acting and the happenings—in excruciating film keeps juggling his eyes and goes crazy. Gifford, a former Miss Burlington, has a great career ahead of her simulating organs. Last, and certainly least, there's Elke Sommer's Magdalena. The gross national setting product apparently not being up to snuff, she was imported at \$100,000, plus percentage. While running a bullet-dart from the mistress, Elke breaks down, during which time she appears to be choking on a chicken bone. Oh well, one consolation is knowing that the national product could never be that gross.

Incompetently splintered, the narrative of *Rage and Riot* includes scenes of warmth that have the inevitability of asbestos, the Vaseline-coated romantic falsehoods of Plan and Gifford make ads for Corvairs seem truthful. Poor George Clooney, playing a sensitive hot man, balks when Magdalena-Christine asks that he kill her husband. "I only break arms and legs." A funny, black line, but when you ponder it, the arm of Markovitz's soybean.

Films you *Rage and Riot*.

LANTIERO O'TOOLE

Television

If it worked once, it'll work again . . . and again



Photo by [unreadable]

The new TV season beckons to brightly in the network's annual orgy of self-appointment: that a casual viewer may be lulled into believing something new is about to appear. But this year the prime-time mainstream, which makes Kenneth Karper's chessboard play look so-so, is neutral, designed only to firm up soft spots in last year's successful wheelies. Programming historians are far off years, in 1978-79 the three American networks are expected to set a record \$4 billion.

The most curious look at the "new" shows reveals that much is changed, virtually nothing is different. Hence the cynical crows of 1978-79, which recognize success by imitating it. For three

Dark Starlight in *Ballistics* (above), High-5 (left) Connie Sellecas, Ol' Klee and Kathy Woll (right) look familiar?

Cher's *Angels*, this season offers three stewardesses in *Philly Phd*, for *Wally Beak*, *Kater* in substitute *The Wally Beak*, high-school basketball funnies, and for Mary Tyler Moore's crazy '71 station gang, it offers the lunatic group that runs radio station *WAP* in *Concrete* (10-8 p.m. Mon.).

Though it looks new, *Golden* dreams break out in cash's skin when they try to follow suit, but these pilot vehicles turn into pumpkins on the stroke of September. The *crv* network—that giant Xerox in the sky which devours

American programs and spits out Canadian dollars in thanks—was on the verge of credibility as a producer for its majorly *Wally Beak* 30-second science fiction series based on H. G. Wells's *The Shape of Things to Come*. Naming the eleven-hour *crv* tapped off for financial reasons. Small wonder *crv*'s lineup features more changes than any American network, though only five of its 16 prime-time newsmen are Canadian.

Come (7:30 p.m. Fri.) is a modest version of *crv*'s successful variety show on states. *Stars on Ice* (7 p.m. Thurs.), featuring covering family street acts—acrobats and acrobats, odd artists and clowns, punctuated by production numbers and songs by Galt McDowell and Sherrie Long, looking like refugees from the *Dennis & Marie Osmond* show, which follows them at 8 p.m. *The Flying Gull* (8:00 p.m. Thurs.) is upmost seasonal variety starring the highly successful (*From New York to L.A.*) singer from Campbell, N.B., with guest musicians. If *crv* saves face this season, it will be thanks to the fast-paced after-the-race magazine, *Live It Up* (8 p.m. Thurs.), though the eight or 10 mini-series in each show may be an underwriting use of the talents of last Jack McElroy, 1978 award winner for best public affairs broadcasting.

While *crv* puts most of its financial eggs in one American basket, the *crv* programmers have all but hidden theirs, spreading them out over a chaotic schedule dominated by specials and six dramatic mini-series. Two further masculine shapes loom reassuringly on the schedule, each brightening this season with a new romance. Bruno Gerardi's marine macho in *The Beachcombers* (7 p.m. Sun.) in gives a feminine anchor in *Thane*



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Stapley, Al Waxman, as the new bachelor *King of Queens* (9:30 p.m. Thurs.) has shined his blimp profile to the satisfaction of his steady, Tina, the irrepressible Rosemary Rodriguez.

There are 21 *Superspecials* showcasing variety talent, from venerable elders like Wayne and Shuster and the Irish Rovers (four shows each) to newer stars like the skater Toller Cranston (three shows), guitarist Lenny Kravitz, and ballerina Karina Knott. The drama department is enjoying calm before next year's forecasted storm over *Lois & Clark*, being in the lurch of ex-husband John Herich, consisting of 40 and 90-minute specials Sunday and Wednesday nights at various times. Shows adapted from Margaret Laurence's *The Fire Dwellers*, the making of a President, from Marilyn Timp's story of the 1930s, and *Amber* of *Freeway* *Passion*, giving a new, human perspective to the 1933 Battle of Cryder's Pass.

Before the start of the lucky amaze, the Saturday night slot offers drama. The last-ditch *Twins* (9:30 p.m. Sept. 20) shows how hard it is to keep 'em down on the farm, even when they want to stay, while the high human cost of addiction is shown in a tough melodrama, *Dynasty* (10 p.m. Sept. 20), starring Len Caruso and Don Francisco. The more fundamental problems of human survival that have faced all Canadian *Newcomers* are depicted in four new episodes running to the Scottish immigrants of 1882 to the Italians of 1978.

Waxman, base their video montage in Gordon Pinsent's popular mini-series, *A Gift to Last* (9 p.m. Wed.) about rural life in Victorian Canada, which has eight new shows, followed Jan. 10 by another Victorian saga, *The Great Outdoors*, starring Douglas Campbell in a fictionalized account of John William Murray, Canada's first detective. The modern cup and non-cup-tillied rubbers seen in *Shattered* (9 p.m. Sun.) have 15 episodes, followed by a mini-series of three, *The Alienist*, chronicling contemporary Prairie life (post-technological magazines to Indian activists). For the *Shattered* takes over the same slot with its new drama based on current Canadian affairs, more familiar than even, thanks to the extension of *The National* newscast by live minutes on weeknights. The prestige of no rides conspicuously on the last show of the day, the 60-minute *Canada After Dark* (11:45 p.m. weeknights, starting Sept. 18). Its predecessor, *50 Minutes Later*, became something of a lightning rod for criticism, but now *Paul Bates* has the chance to achieve the corporation's past sin with his new entertainment rather than information format.

Since original programming is still forced only on educational stations (an American survey found that public net-



Douglas Campbell and Livy Corpe as John Pata and Lillian in *Shattered*. *Shattered!*

work viewing increased by 12 per cent last season), we can always expect ratings to be the definitive survival gauge on commercial tv: low at first sight—literally. This year one can see effectively in charge of two networks' programming, sci-fi chief Fred Silverman is anxious to repeat his magic that pulled personal broadcast on: from last to first place last year; he has inherited the weakest lineup of new shows to fight his own viewer war, but he's known to have replacements by the minute waiting in the wings at his, ready to replace any show which goes out there but doesn't come back a star.

Sci-fi adventure series, *Dr. Quinn* (7:30-9 p.m. Fri.) is an add-on to *Star Trek* for a quick death, and its *Grandpa* *Gus* to *Washington* (9:30-10 p.m. Tues.), starring Jack Albertson, was in deep trouble even before the season began *Jack* *Chen's* *Line* Wednesday has the fa-

The WKRP crew, come home. Ted Baxter



Most claim of being the only live show of its size, and a possibly brief existence for being a variety show at a time they're out of public favor. *W.E.B.* (10:30-11 p.m. Thurs.) is a complex, satisfying drama set in the fictional TransAmerican tv network, everyone except one claims *W.E.B.* is a copy of the movie *Network*, albeit with a sympathetic young woman playing Pope Browne's sister, Gussie, writing role as programming director. That shouldn't hurt its chances for survival—even as Joe Namath's game mugging as a high-school coach won't keep the bungling *Waverly* *Wanderer* (10:30-11 p.m. Wed.) from scoring another loss.

The network's anti-series are the ones we can hope for a kind of originality—anyway a touch different tack from the usual righty fodder. Last season was responsible for seven of the top 10 anti-series, and this year has already scheduled works based on Mark Twain's *American*, Irving Wallace's *The Ford*, Harold Robbins' *The Prince* and five others, and is hitting back with *Booth: The Next Generation*, with James Earl Ray as a killer Alex Haley, his, a six-hour drama starring Robert Downey, and Pearl, another war epic based on the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

AN's prime offering, *Bathtime* *Gals* (10:30-11 p.m. Sat.) is already being said by the makers of *Star Wars* who claim that even if *Millennium* once fiction saga depicting war between earthlings and evil Cyllians is a copy of their film, the "unparalleled" special effects, and not *Laurie* *Greene*, will make it break a *Mary Tyler Moore* (10:30-11 p.m. Sat.) is directly in the Cyllian's line, which may cripple the show despite Mary's formidable charm. Scheduling is likely to tipple cut night offerings: *The Paper Chase* (10:30-11 p.m. Sat.) is a new comedy series, reusing the film's deliberate tempo and sensitive depiction of life in a highly competitive law school, but this remake offering has been thrown to the wolves: on the U.S. networks it's up against one's *Mary* *Clay* and *Lamorne* *Shirley*, the latter having established a record audience for any sitcom Un-tilted, and is back with two more sitcoms—offering the fun of living in the Depression on *Apple Pie* (10:30-11 p.m. Sat.) and the joys of backing in New York on *Tues* (10:30-11 p.m. Tues.).

Ah, well. Norman Lear, legendary maker of some of the most outrageous (*Mary Hartman*) and most successful (All in the Family) series in history, explains the philosophy that gave so much of tv the look-alike look. His own *The Jefferson* (10:30-11 p.m. Tues.) is a *Flying* *Nova* of sorts, albeit more apt to fly by mood brighter than by wimple. Sound new but familiar, changed but the same. Lear shrugs: "The public goes with what is most familiar to it, and it is ever thus." **Kenneth Duncan**



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Kennedy as he's best remembered: one of the masters of how to play the good

stars up Bobby's ears with a quote from a West Oakland, California activist. And the Reverend Jesse Laper: "What can you call Bobby? The last of the great liberals!" I guess I'd have to say he was the last of the great believers."

The contradiction between Robert Kennedy's record and the public perception of him are not troubling to Arthur Schlesinger. Indeed they are barely mentioned. Schlesinger's massive 516-page biography is a work of considerable scholarship, crammed with anecdotes, elegantly written—a compendium of first-hand gossip and backstage knowledge—but a compendium of surface, not substance. This reflects not only Schlesinger's bluntly stated devotion to Kennedy—"association with him over the last decade of his life was one of the joys of my own life"—but reflects a skewed attitude to history by the historian and politician. Though Kennedy paid much lip service to the definition of "politics" asides, he was in fact far more interested in "polity," as the business of personalities, alliances and personal asides. It was not so much that Kennedy didn't care about ideas, but he didn't care about any unless they were "bigger" in the wind. That led him to the shores of McCarthy in the early '50s and to the virtue of the New Frontier in the '60s.

But Schlesinger is a naturalist man himself, and in any case he is so fascinated with the trees that he has no time to space for the woods. Like Tennesse or Gibbons, Schlesinger delights readers with detail and anecdote, but unlike his confreres of old, our current contemporary historian has little use for perspective. The irony of the book is that it reveals both holders and analysts of power as men so concerned in the turning wheels of the political game that, in the way of perdition a treadmill, they seem to have lost sight and interest in the purpose of it all. **Barbara Amiel**

Books

Requiem for a light-heavyweight

ROBERT KENNEDY AND HIS TIMES
by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.
(Thomas Allen & Son \$26.95)

By the time Robert Kennedy was diagnosed down at Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel on June 5, 1968, he had undergone one of the most extraordinary transformations in American politics. The man who had cheerfully worked as junior counsel for Senator Joe McCarthy (resigning only when the Democratic party finally decided to going up on the senator from Wisconsin), the attorney-general who had used his office to harass the press and write-up racism, political opponents and

people-to-people didn't like, had become hero to the liberal establishment. Though Bobby Kennedy had given little substantial aid to the economic position of America's oppressed while in office, his highly visible prosecution of some civil rights cases had won him the black constituency. At the time of his death, his campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination could count on the platform presence of farm-state organizer Cesar Chavez, the assistance of the Black Panthers and the breathless endorsements of such familiar politicos as journalist Jimmy Breslin, an actress Shirley Maclaine, Arthur Schlesinger

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by Fabian Aleson
Random House (Dial \$19.95)

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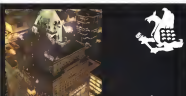
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Which twin is the phony? Only filmmaker and television journalist Patrick Watson knows for sure. His second novel, *After Rip*, tackles the heavy old search-for-identity theme by combining it with the heavy old sci-fi/science-at-work plot. The result is a typical Canadian compromise—a suspense thriller that tends to read like a psychology text book.

Watson's hero is Rob Nelson, an acclaimed and highly successful documentary film-maker who has discovered that recognition is not enough. Out there, beyond fame, luxury and power, is the ultimate goal of "true existence." Rob Nelson, dropping his work and wife Daisy on their respective heads, goes to meet his friend "Peach" Hug, the scientist who has discovered the secret of instantaneous travel.

When Hug's experiments produce one Rob Nelson, the stage is set for the most persistent series of hilarious sci-fi/science-fiction novels Charles Templeton's *Act of God*. Watson's plotline is novel revolved around one striking idea. After Rip often a device too weak to bear Watson's load of psychological insight. Rob Nelson and his "alter ego" are neither sympathetic nor insouciant enough for their own comfort to grip the reader. The supporting characters, too, are pure cardboard.

But when Watson concentrates on facts, details and action, his touch is sure. His account of the twins' flight from an American bandit gang with a contract on Rob Nelson is in the best thriller tradition, his descriptions of Hug's incredible apparatus adroit and convincing, and the ending downright crazy. It's less easy that a story about a pair of duplicate twins should have a split personality of its own. **Pat Barclay**

The case of the poisoned plot

NORTHAN, A NOVEL OF MYSTERY
by Kathleen Tynan
(Doubleday, \$24.95)

Walters does it. Agatha is a promoter. *Walters* does it. The old-time, old-time, a spectacular, real-life, 30-year-old mystery featuring Agatha Christie herself with a supporting cast including Archibald Christie, his girlfriend Nancy Steele, and Christie's publisher, Sir William Collins, all of it created by Kathleen Tynan, a British journalist



Chickadee in 1936: the lady vanishes.

who has also scripted the movie version starring Vanessa Redgrave and Dustin Hoffman. Everything's there that a reader needs except, maybe, credulity, and if Diane Agatha's hero gets their way, an audience they are used to stop distribution of both book and film for violation of her estate's rights to publicity.

The 36-year-old Agatha, whose book, *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*, was the current literary sensation, vanished overnight on December 3, 1936. After a nationwide alarm, she was found 11 days later at a Harrogate spa 300 miles away, registered as Teresa Nock of Cape Town. Unkissed gently promptly rejected the "amnesiac fugue" explanation when it was learned the disappearance coincided with her war-time husband's announcement that he was leaving her for the younger Nancy Steele.

But with the war on in the world, nobody then could offer any reason why Agatha should have registered as Teresa Nock, or advertised in *Detour* Nock's relatives and friends. Unfortunately, Kathleen Tynan—daughter of Matthew Stoltz, the late co-writer correspondent—has not had much more luck now. What she suggests is that Agatha's real, Nancy, was staying at a swanky hotel and that Agatha, completely distraught, was passing her own elation, with Nancy as her unwitting co-conspirator, in a hypnotic trance called a Schach chair. This allows a dramatic last-second rescue by Agatha's old-timey sister, Wally Stanton, an American columnist and gossip-writer. Wally is "short, neat and elegant," been wandering where Dustin Hoffman fitted in, and one gathers that if Agatha had been eight years younger and he so many inches taller, history might have been rewritten.

When the film is released later this

year it's conceivable—provided one can imagine Agatha feeling around knee-deeply with swordfish and rheumatism—that magical performance and direction may make Kathleen Tynan's solution momentarily plausible. More probably, if she had shown fewer scruples about changing the facts, she could have produced better fiction. Within the limits she has set herself, she has succeeded only in transmitting the actual into the incredible.

Derrick Hardock

The tales of Uncle Pierre

THE WILD FRONTIER by Peter Berton

(Macmillan and Co., \$19.95)

Pierre Berton is at it again, blowing away the dust that has buried this country's pioneer figures in a tomb of boredom. His latest wilderness saga, much like his accounts of the Klondike Gold Rush and the race to build a railway through the Rockies, has the British high-adventure gusto to it, with more than a touch of an arm's-you-sorry-you-missed-it-for-the-fun tone.

To William Grenfell, life in 1908 was a lark. He remained oblivious to danger grilling a summer dinner, the Labrador and Newfoundland courts, happy in the midst of a raging storm, tearing off the cables roof to learn it when the fact was gone and navigating by eye when his compass went pear-shaped. Clearly, writes Berton, "he was having a wonderful time. He was also having a legend."

There's little linking Grenfell with the five other men and one woman profiled here, except a passion to make a personal mark on an unknown land.

McLeod enters the Mackenzie Valley and Berton (Frank), Brown were the days



was a 17th-century Jesuit missionary who had two goals in life—to baptize every Indian he came across, and to die a martyr. The folly and bravery of his soulless are well documented: having one's flagstick pulled out by an Inuit warrior's tooth and a forerunner "crushed to a pulp" is the same manner does have its heroic quality.

Mrs. Hobbard, a small, determined widow of 38, had her own ideas about frontier life. When she struck into Labrador's unpopulated interior in 1886, her expedition included a stove, an air mattress, a feather pillow and a hot-water bottle.

Sam Steele, a particular Berton hero, started his career with the North West Mounted Police by undertaking a 1,800-mile march in 1874, across the plains to the foothills of the Rockies. His funny deeds included walking into the camp of Chief Crowfoot and unobtrusively snatching a wasted half-breed as the chief backed off. In the Klondike Gold Rush, hundreds cut their lives to his profit determinations.

The wild frontier was not so wild as it might have been, largely because of the unique nature of the Canadian frontier. Frontier trading was so important between the natives and the whites that they were signed to protect business. During the Gold Rush days, killings were as everyday occurrence as the Alaskan side, but under Steele's supervision, gunfire was almost never heard in the Yukon. Warned Sam Steele when he heard that James Gustafson, American night cross over the border. "They dare not show their faces in the Yukon." The story of the Canadian frontier was apt to one-dimensional as textbooks would have us believe. Berton shows it, once again, as one where people fought back against an intimidating land with more courage than any publisher south of the border.

Reg Vickers

For proof that power tends to corrupt look no further than Pierre Trudeau

By Alan Fotheringham

What is so astonishing in this case is the fact of 1978, in the shift in mood and perspective. The mood belongs to Pierre Trudeau and his close toward the public. It is cynical. Relationships between the unwashed and those on high always are bound to slip, but the most remarkable thing about Pierre Trudeau's link with his subjects is that it is so devastatingly open to the original understanding. The public can perhaps comprehend and absorb the fact that the leader chosen is not really as bright as direct persons—so in Jimmy Carter. But that, for all his fire and idealism, he essentially doesn't know how to run anything—as in John Diefenbaker.

It is somewhat harder for a public to swallow the fact that its chosen hero has had a complete mental (more correctly, perhaps, ethical) reversal of field. That is the current view of the electorate toward the shameless Trudeau, the man who captured the imagination of the country one decade ago because of his frankness, his apologetic innocence in denying personal ambition, his apparent honesty in allowing that he really didn't seek the job and regarded the whole exercise, in his own words, as a bit of "a joke" on the public and press. Now, 10 years later, we have the most jaded, insulting appeal for public support since the days of "Boss" Tweed. Some of the recent Liberal tactics appear almost as caricatures of ward-heeler methodology. Look at the editorial columns across the land and you can consistently come across one word: cynical.

What is so remarkable about the whole degrading process of the last few months is that the prime minister, enmeshed in that intellectual room that should be his, appears astonishingly unaware of the rising contempt of the electorate. He is vacillated against reality.

There's a reason for this insularity. The Liberal party weeps through the underbelly of this country like a nuclear

submarine in the deep. In 1955, when the Liberals modestly acceded to the 20th anniversary of uninterrupted rule in Ottawa, the shrewd political scientist Paul Fox noted that: "The Liberal government aims at operating collectively, like a respectable, maximum, business operation which fears nothing more than making people aware that it is there. The shadows sit silently along the wall, as in Plato's cave, and the vision is never sufficiently disturbed to turn its head."



In truth, a business operation. As a sample, in the 1955 election just five firms contributed 50 per cent of the campaign funds for the key Toronto Progressive Conservative, Lester B. Pearson. OIL, Laska, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Canadian General Electric, National Breweries. Forty per cent of the money came from just 12 sources (Laplace and gold mine interests were the prime donors). By the 1960 election, just seven donors provided 40 per cent of the slush fund.

By 1963, 50 per cent of the Liberal party financing came from commerce and industry, 40 per cent from businessmen. Related industries and only 10 per cent from private individuals. K. J. Pelt, research director of Ottawa's 1964 Barbican Committee on election expenses found that only some 350 donors piled up the \$7.5 million we spent used by the Liberals in the 1967 campaign. In this atmosphere of the National

Governing Party, born to rule and stored by business, there has been the shrewd Liberal tactic—the recruiting of symbolic public relations figures from outside the grey party system. Maclean's King came from his duties as an employee of the Rockefeller family. Little Louis St. Laurent came from corporate law, Lester Pearson from the bureaucracy and Trudeau from the intellectual fringe. In the case of the latter three, a reasonable case can now be made that they were chips facing as the Liberal tide, the party machinery keeping them afloat. What is now becoming apparent about Trudeau, the innocent chosen over the pros, is that after a decade he has become a passenger on the vehicle. The party lurches on and he founders for a direction.

For a man of such indefinable personal standards, he is astonishingly pliable when the back-room operatives convince him that another task is necessary to ensure the rule of the National Governing Party. Jack Horner was purchased in return for a cabinet seat. Key Tony Gordon Peimwache was lured onto neutral ground and away from the Opposition shadow cabinet with the Human Rights Commission appointment. Tony or Bob McGee was given a judgeship. Claude Wagner was purchased with the sweet of a Senate nomination.

The spring buying of Opposition trouble spots over with, increasingly desperate plunges were needed to shore up the fall campaign for a vote. The prime minister, a philosopher seemingly taking a constant drug course in cocaine, decided that Helene Leclercq, rather than Jean Chrétien, is his real finance minister. With the only strong personalities in a grey cabinet long dead—Turner, MacDonald, Mackenzie, Kiernan—the election campaign was reduced to being a target for open derision from the press gallery when Trudeau's surprise "bodge from Bonn" left the finance minister fumbling and asked. There is a whiff of the Keystone Kops to Parliament Hill, a smell of the last fendering Diefenbaker disaster days.



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